The SPHERE

Vol. CXXXI. No. 1719. DECEMBER 31, 1932. With which is incorporated "The GRAPHIC"

THE SPHERE IN 1933

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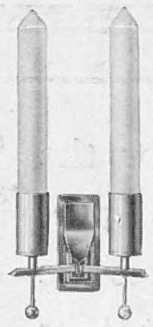
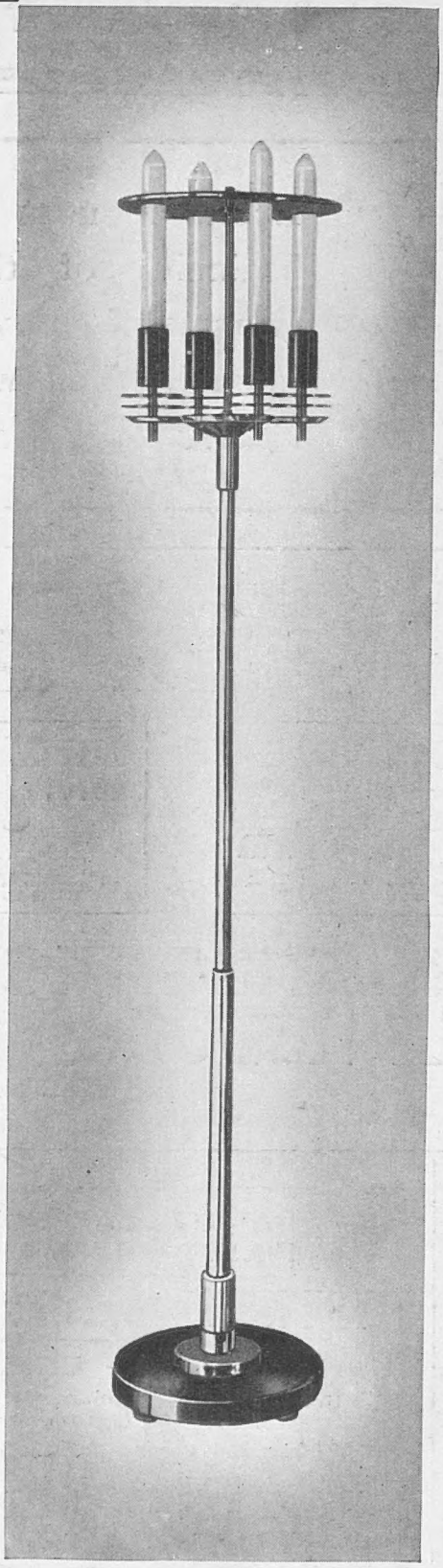
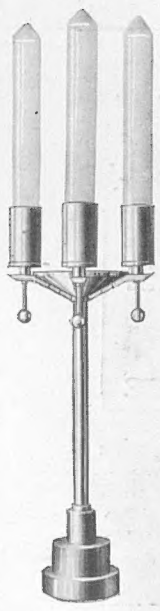


ALMARA





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L.A. 149

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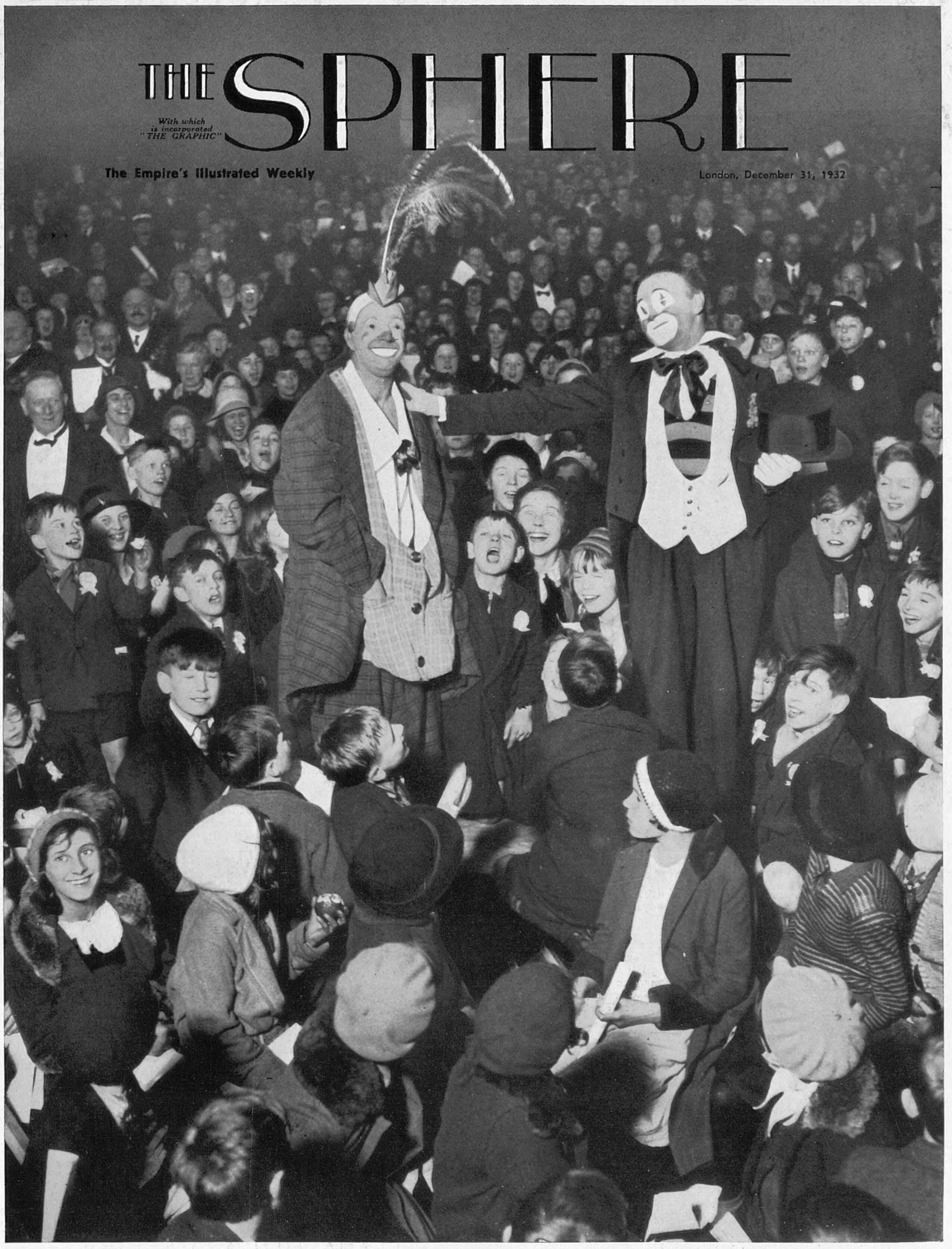
Volume CXXXI No. 1719

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, December 31, 1932



CHILDREN CELEBRATE A SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

Clowns from Olympia Entertain the Guests Drawn from the Crippled Children of London at Lord Burnham's Birthday Party

In all the festivities given during the great season of children's parties, none was more in keeping with the spirit of Christmas, none productive of more joy, than that given at the Guildhall last week-end by the Viscount Burnham, who celebrated his seventieth birthday by holding a gathering under the auspices of the Treloar Crippled Children's Christmas Hamper Fund of which he is trustee. Clowns from Olympia were engaged to contribute to the general gaiety of the proceedings. The poor children of a generation or two generations ago—to-day men of middle or elderly life—suffer astonishment as well as delight, unmarred by envy, at the quality of the charity dispensed by the rich to their like to-day

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.

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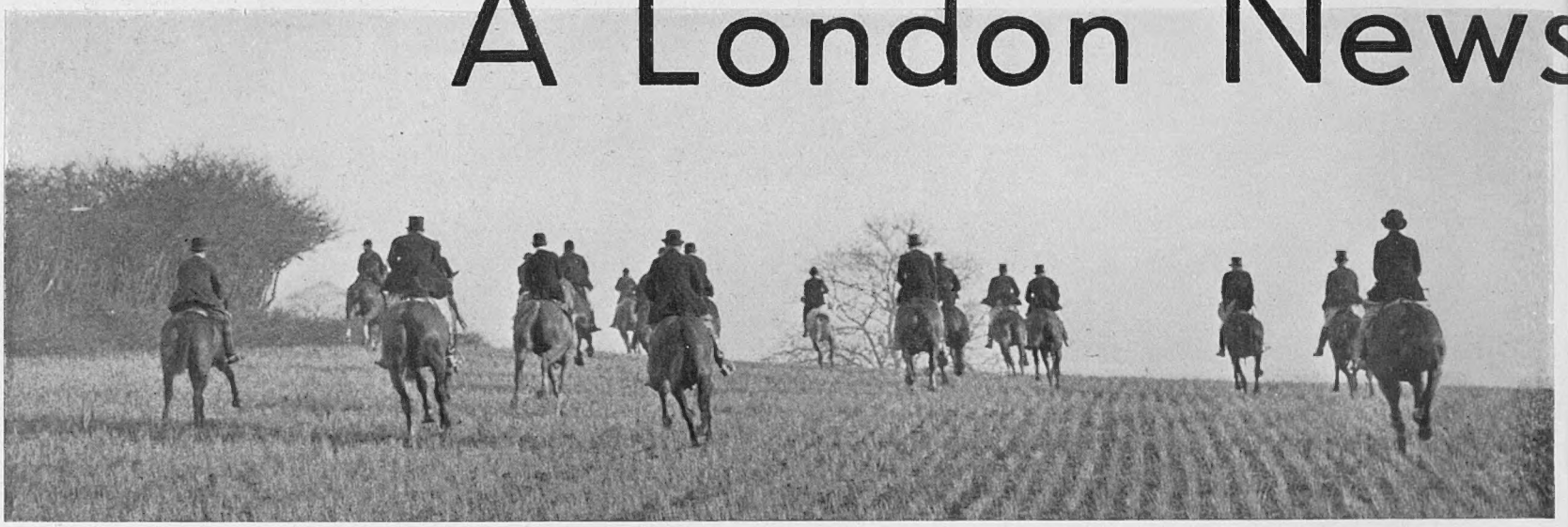
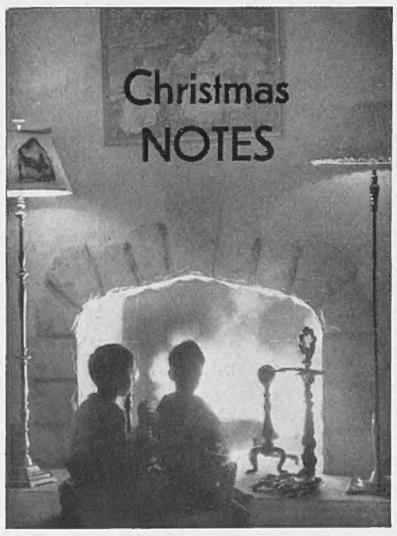
A London News



OVER STUBBLE: The field made its way over the cornfields of the past when the Fitzwilliam met at Ellington, near Huntingdon



346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, December 28, 1932.

1932 IN REVIEW.—Once more, and with devilish speed, a year draws to an end, and I return to my self-imposed task—which custom has made a pleasant one—of going back over the past year and recalling to readers some of the events which have occupied our attention and some of the ideas, hopes, and fears which have been in our minds. If you remember, we came to January 1932, gasping like drowning men pulled ashore just in time. The National Government was just getting into its stride. It had "tried its wings" with an effort to check the most glaring abuses of the Dole and had said farewell to the Round Table Conference with encouragement beyond expectation. The Ministers—it was understood—would spend Christmas exploring the haunted avenues in search of that elusive will o' the wisp, the Balance, which is the Budget's *sine-qua-non*, and we ourselves spared what extra-domestic thoughts we could to Disarmament, the finances of Germany, the new civil disobedience campaign in India, and the question of London transport. And we all agreed that 1932 would be a vital year. Years are like babies. When the monthly nurse quits, the portent sinks back to being a mere ordinary nuisance. The French Art Exhibition opened; and death claimed a great Englishman and Churchman and teacher in the person of Bishop Gore; a popular and polished writer, Lytton Strachey; and a vigorous and well-loved journalist, Leo Maxse.

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January is an expensive month, and no doubt that is why we all joined the gold rush in February and sold our great aunt's bracelets and lockets. Valera outed Cosgrave that month, Shanghai was the city whose name was most often in print, and Paris was Cabinet making—the fourth attempt in ten weeks. Last, but not least, Mr. Neville Chamberlain announced the death of (*soi-disant*) Free Trade and a great fiscal revolution was achieved. The King revived an age-old custom by officiating at the Maundy Celebrations in the Abbey. M. Briand died. Our Budget was announced as balanced, and the City's burst of confidence was only checked by the lamented death of Ivar Kreuger, with all that that instantly implied. As anticipated, Valera, elected President, abrogated the Oath of Allegiance and threw in the Land Annuities. In the German presidential election, Hindenburg, that gallant old man, just failed of his clear majority, a tiresome but not serious occurrence. April brought a "dull" and unexpectedly severe Budget and the end to a wave of very light-headed optimism. It also brought Geneva to a melancholy end. And what with Kreuger reactions and the unendurable and unending Stiffkey investigations, April was no great shakes. Wet and cold; the first Spring day and the cuckoo arrived for me on April 22—after a very long winter.

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May also was a dark month for Europe, Asia, and America. Doumer was assassinated by an ego-maniac, America was facing her darkest hour of realization, and Shanghai had blossomed into Manchuria. In England, we split the atom, appointed a new Chief of Police, and measured the rain gauge—just nine inches for April and May. We talked a lot about Kreuger still and began again the never-ending agitation concerning road deaths. We talked too of triumphant Miss Earhart. In June, with the unveiling of the Queen Alexandra Memorial, that great artist, Gilbert, was recognized and rewarded with a knighthood. Tom Walls achieved what Premiers and Princes have spent life and fortune in vain to win—the blue riband of the Turf. Von Papen was appointed Chancellor, the Valera business was much to the fore—was ever spoilt child so gently used?—and the great Conversion scheme was announced. The Press throughout showed marked restraint and so did the public. The Ottawa delegates got down to business. Lord Irwin joined the Government, Plumer and King Manoel died. August was golden. Never was such weather since journalists were boys. My mind is a blank. I was sunbathing when another "atom" was split by the I.L.P. seceding from the Labour Party. The great Conversion Loan triumphantly succeeded, and Ottawa delegates returned bearing sheaves to the harvest festival.

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September found the Prince in Denmark. There was a glorious eclipse of the moon and a cotton deadlock (one of many), and the Nazi murderers were reprieved. The Free Trade Liberals announced an untimely resignation and the Ship of State managed somehow to right herself. In October, the Lytton Report on Manchuria was published; Valera preached peace, wisdom, and moderation at Geneva. London endured the Hunger Marchers and the police a second turn of the screw. On the good side, Mrs. Pawley was released and we heard no more of her; the Coburg wedding gave Germany a *mi-carême*, and we heard a good deal about the Bridge laws. Slatin Pasha died and so did Miss Plunket, aged 112, who could contribute to a year's continuous celebration of Scott a personal experience of sitting on his knee. There were some notable exhibitions this month—at Christie's and elsewhere. Wren's tercentenary fell then. A "record" month for rain. Lord Methuen died in November. America had her presidential election and Roosevelt swept the board without declaring a suit or laying down his trump cards. A dry, dull, and sunless month. And so to the current and final month, occupied largely with test match fever, with Germany's famous fortnight and the coming in of von Schleicher and a presidial Government denied to Hitler; with the quite unforeseen War Debts crisis with America, which resulted in the fall of Herriot's and the Belgian Governments, and a new rift in the flimsy bridge to international understanding and mutual confidence, and some wonderfully interesting debates in the House of Commons. And so to the usual fading of the high lights and the narrowing of the issue to the domestic circle, good will (*pro tem.*) towards men and over-indulgence for the children. And so to bed.

THE YEAR'S LITERATURE.—As I said last week, the extraordinary general improvement in the technique of novel writing—an improvement which apparently can be readily absorbed by the youngest instead of being painfully won after a lifetime of training and experience—makes it quite impossible to single out a half-dozen novels or novelists for special mention, but I suppose by general consent Charles Morgan would receive the year's crown of pre-eminence. The shadow of Scott lay over the literary year, a kindly, large shadow, and a wealth of sound literature concerning him (with singularly little that was new fact) was published. The most stimulating reading in the way of Memoirs and Letters were perhaps Arnold Bennett's copious *Diaries*, and Rothenstein's *Men and Memories*. The great achievement of editing Queen Victoria's letters was crowned with the final volume (what an age, dead and strange as the Pharaohs'! What a woman, uncompromising, invincible!). And, of course, Bülow's third volume, having all the ingredients of a best seller, got its deserts. So did poor Edward Marjoribanks' *Lord Carson's Cases*. At the end of the year came Joffre's contribution to the war controversy, just too late I fancy to re-open the lists which fashion or reaction has now agreed to abandon for a space.

DRAMA, FILM, AND FASHION.—As with novels, so with plays, it is not very easy to do more than generalize. In theatreland the year was none the less significant for several reasons. As with literature, it was a year for the making of new reputations. The accepted Masters added little to their fame. There was a notable revival in Shakespeare production, due in part to the publicity accorded to the opening of the new theatre at Stratford and a very profitable season on Avon's banks. The London revivals were interesting experimentally, and one or two scored notable successes. For the rest, the "circus business," the great spectacular shows, appealing to the eye rather than the mind, continued to draw, though it is by no means clear that—with the huge production costs—even long runs of such shows prove very profitable to the management. The success of *The Dubarry* belongs to Anny Ahlers, and other notable personal successes included Edith Evans in *Evensong*, John Gielgud in *Musical Chairs*, Ainley in *Tobias*, and the principals in that obstinate success, *While Parents Sleep*. Towards the end of the year, good reports went round of *Girls in Uniform* and *Service*, both plays well worth seeing. I am not much addicted to the films; for me they are incidents, not experiences. *Comradeship*, *Maids in Uniform*, and *The Blue Light* are the most recent that stick in my memory.

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The fashions of the day are dictated largely by economic needs, in part by political causes, in small part by the wayward example of leaders of various social groups. Economic and political needs account for the great popularity of a brand-new form of holiday-making. Cruising aided the shipping lines in their fight for survival. And the railways wisely tried—not unsuccessfully—to adapt the idea to land cruises. Economic necessity invented the "sherry party" as a cheap means of affording social hospitality, and incidentally of teaching the young the difficult and nearly forgotten art of "conversation *au salon*." Sanity continued to direct social entertaining on a larger scale in London, at any rate during the little seasons, albeit standards soar higher and higher from May to July. But in February it is quite possible to give a dance which the *jeunesse dorée* is pleased to attend for a total outlay of £60. During the season golden youth cannot be tempted by beer and sausages, or anything short of champagne. Socially, I should label 1932 as a year of returning sanity. The duty of social service—inspired by the Prince—began to be felt by sections of Society which in their pursuit of fashion and pleasure had hardly realized the miserable plight of a great part of the population of this country.

BROADCASTING.—One cannot omit, even in an admittedly partial and light-hearted survey of the year's doings and topics, mention of the B.B.C. Its progress and the enlargement and improvement of the amenities it affords to millions of Britons for a trifling fee positively shout to the stars. How great a boon broadcasting will prove to the community I am slow to prophesy. I subscribe to Einstein's view that scientific progress is far ahead of man's capacity to appreciate and benefit from it. Like Lord Cecil, I am not prepared to hail every new perfection of Science as an inevitable blessing to man. I believe with him it were far better for mankind if flying had never been achieved, and I am still uncertain what ultimate effect broadcasting will have on the mind, character,

letter

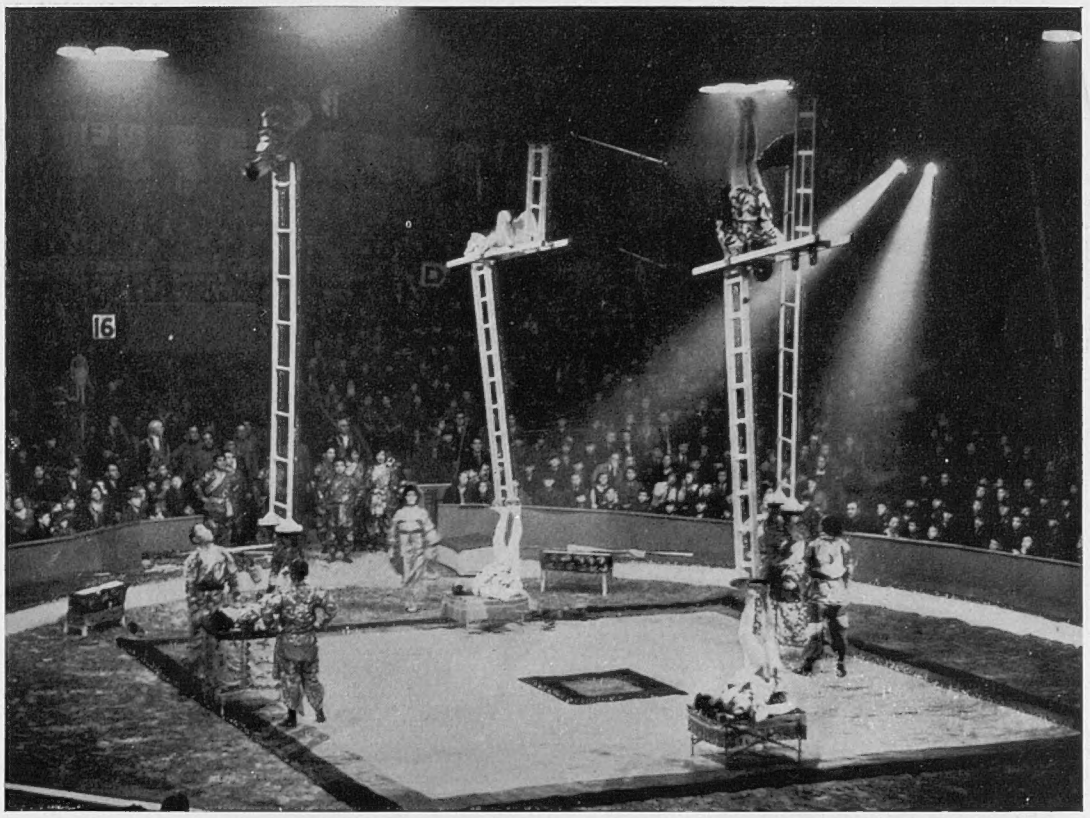
and reasoning powers of posterity. But that does not imply that I underrate the achievements of those who control the B.B.C. They have power and use it finely. They are ever looking ahead and never satisfied with results. As a recreation for middle-aged men whose minds were formed in a harder school, the B.B.C.'s more serious programmes are admirable. But they are perhaps making information too easy to acquire and knowledge too palatable. Intellectually we are becoming a nation of armchair workers. In the immediate future, television is bound to transform us into a nation of armchair adventurers and pioneers. Already we virtually hear the great debates in the House from our armchairs and have no need to puzzle out from parliamentary reports the sense of the principal speeches. To-morrow we shall see the Derby run from our armchairs, see and hear the roaring waters of Niagara and the little figures of the last pioneers climbing the peaks of Everest, switch on the easy handle to obtain potted knowledge on any subject, and a sight of events and scenery in any country, and then we shall grow permanent fixtures in our armchairs, moss-grown molluscs of the fireside. Yet I daresay the B.B.C. is perfectly alive to these dangers and is taking steps to save us from them, and inventing a programme which will "stab us broad awake." I have great confidence in those men and women.

ANY ADVANCE ON 1932?—

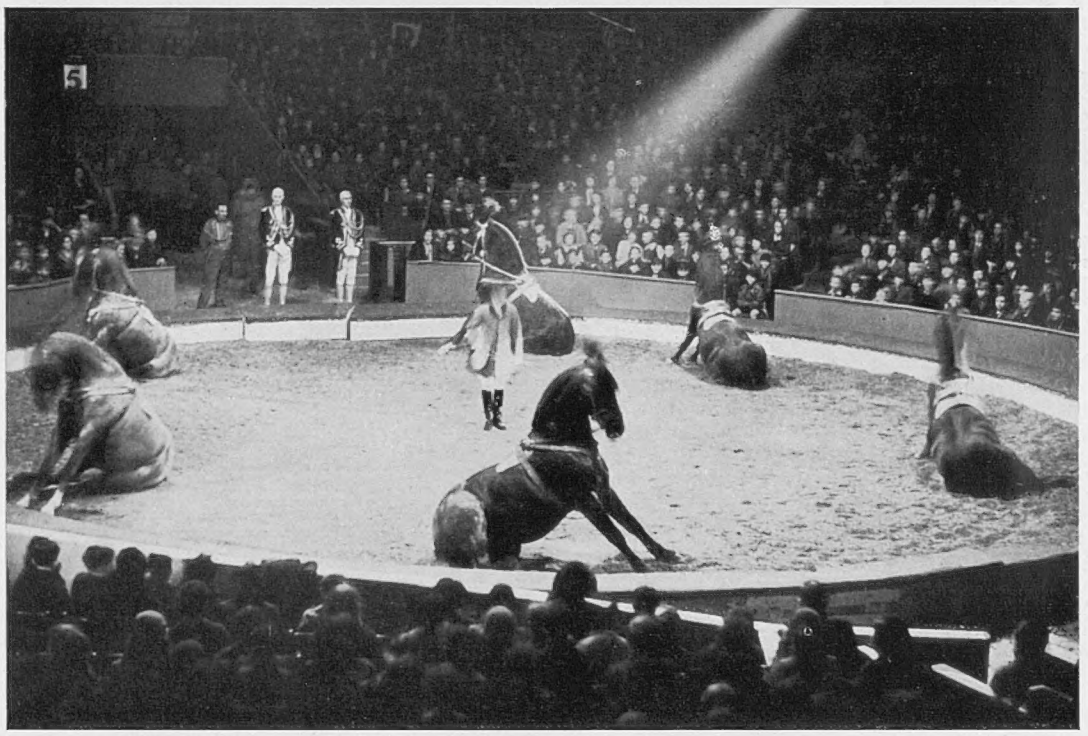
At the end of last year our minds and hopes were concentrated on the question of whether our own country could be saved from financial collapse. We were pinning our last hope on the National Government at home, and the stormy seas beyond the bar had faded out of sight. Is it fair to say that the home front reveals a more satisfactory position? Uncertain as we still are of what new burdens the American Debts decision may lay on us, certain as we are that the rehabilitation of one isolated unit of civilization is unavailing, we are yet justified in saying that the internal condition of Britain is improved. The appalling implications of the unemployment crisis cannot be overstated, the railway problem is still to be solved, the farmers still await rescue, the trade balance is not satisfactory, and the hoped-for revival in trade is no more substantial at present than a thin screen of advance-points or pointers. *But* we started 1932 with a Budget still to be balanced, our national credit still to be saved. We start 1933 with a Budget well balanced; our credit and international repute higher than at any time since the nations met in conclave at Versailles; our National Government still holds together despite the pessimists; and the past year has shown that it numbers several statesmen who have learned how to put country before self or party. The heart of the nation also is in a sounder state.

We have put away the panic of a year ago, and better still, grown to be ashamed of that glare of hysterical optimism which was dashed by the Budget speech last Spring. Instead, the nation as a whole, while realizing the magnitude of the task before it, and not blind to the dangers, is facing the crisis with sanity, restraint, and quiet confidence. And a splendid effort—with results which as yet we have no grounds for belittling—to bind the Empire closer together with ties both material and spiritual, is one more great achievement of 1932. But outside the Empire, in the international field, it is not so easy to speak hopefully. The events of the past month seem at first sight to have undone the progress of the year. And yet who dares prophesy the result of any new situation to-day? Who dares to list the factors which will bring about world settlement? The very labels we have tied on the public men in the international lists are quite valueless. Six months ago, von Schleicher, as German Chancellor, spelt European War; a week ago, the fall of Herriot must be a disaster of magnitude. Our accepted beliefs are shattered daily. Two months ago the refusal of a further moratorium by America was undreamed of. When the blow fell the debtor nations shuddered. Yet we begin the New Year with a faint suspicion that that very action by America has brought nearer and more certain a final resettlement of War Debts. And if of War Debts, then disarmament and economic rationalization. Certainly, since the War, nothing has been achieved but at the eleventh hour, and there has been no change of heart but at the precipice edge. Is our salvation nearer perhaps than we believe?

THE OLD STAGER.



FROM THE FAR EAST: The Yung Dsai Chinese and the Soga and Hirukawa Japanese troupe in their acrobatic display at the Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia. The perfection of equilibrium and the daring feats of balance shown this year eclipse even the miracles of the past



LIBERTY HORSES: These "almost human" animals, whose synchronized movements and tricks draw round after round of applause, are one of the most popular features of the annual feast provided at Olympia for children of all ages

FROM THE NEAR EAST: The Hadji Ali Arabs in the ring. Christmas Time is Circus Time, and this year the great collection of talent annually gathered together by Mr. Bertram Mills to be presented at Olympia is every bit as good, if not better, than his offerings of previous years. Three notable "acts" are seen above

THE NEW FRENCH CABINET: M. Paul-Boncour between M. Chéron and M. Chautemps in a group of the emergency Government he (after M. Chautemps had failed to find a following) succeeded in collecting, which will meet its first real Budget battle in January

CHRISTMAS

Climatically in Britain, Politically in France

GATHERING CHRISTMAS FUEL: Day-time preparation for night-time gaiety made by the cheery group of Christmas holiday-makers

FLOODS IN THE MIDI: Considerable consternation has been prevalent in the South of France owing to the floods following on heavy rains, and neither the floods nor the anxiety is yet allayed. A pick-a-back at Cuxac d'Aude is recorded above

WHERE A WATERFALL FELL UP! The striking effect of the recent high wind on the waterfall at Glaramara, in the Lake district where the spume was blown upwards and backwards

FLOODS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT: A marooned family in Cockermouth town in Cumberland, one of the centres of the area inundated by the overflowing of the rivers Cocher and Derwent, to the detriment of Christmas stocks

THE KING'S BROADCAST

His Majesty's Three Points

(1) **To arrive at a reasoned tranquillity within our borders.**

(2) **To regain prosperity without self-seeking.**

(3) **To carry with us those whom the burden of past years has disheartened or overborne.**

R. ET I. : H.M. the King, whose initial direct broadcast, made on Christmas Day, was a model of Yuletide oratory—kindly, reasoned, and inspiring. The manner ot its presentation was epitomized in a graphic phrase used in a great daily paper as being characterized by "etfortless authority"

A. Console

QUARTETTE IN *MOTHER GOOSE* : Priscilla, the Goose (Mr. George Queen), Mother Goose (Mr. George Lacy), Squire Broadacres (Mr. Wyn Weaver), and Demon Discord (Mr. Dennis Hoey), in the novel pantomime at Daly's

"TURN AGAIN, WHITTINGTON": Miss Fay Compton in the costume of her character at the Hippodrome, at the famous stone at Highgate on which the Lord Mayor pillowed his head before hearing from Bow Church the inspiring message of the bells. *On left* is a moment from the pantomime with Miss Compton on *left*. The pantomime very properly follows the historic story

NEWS on the HOME FRONT

FASHIONS FOR EVEREST: The special suits designed for the forthcoming expedition. The mouthpiece held in the hand of the wearer is connected to a respirator for use in rarefied atmosphere

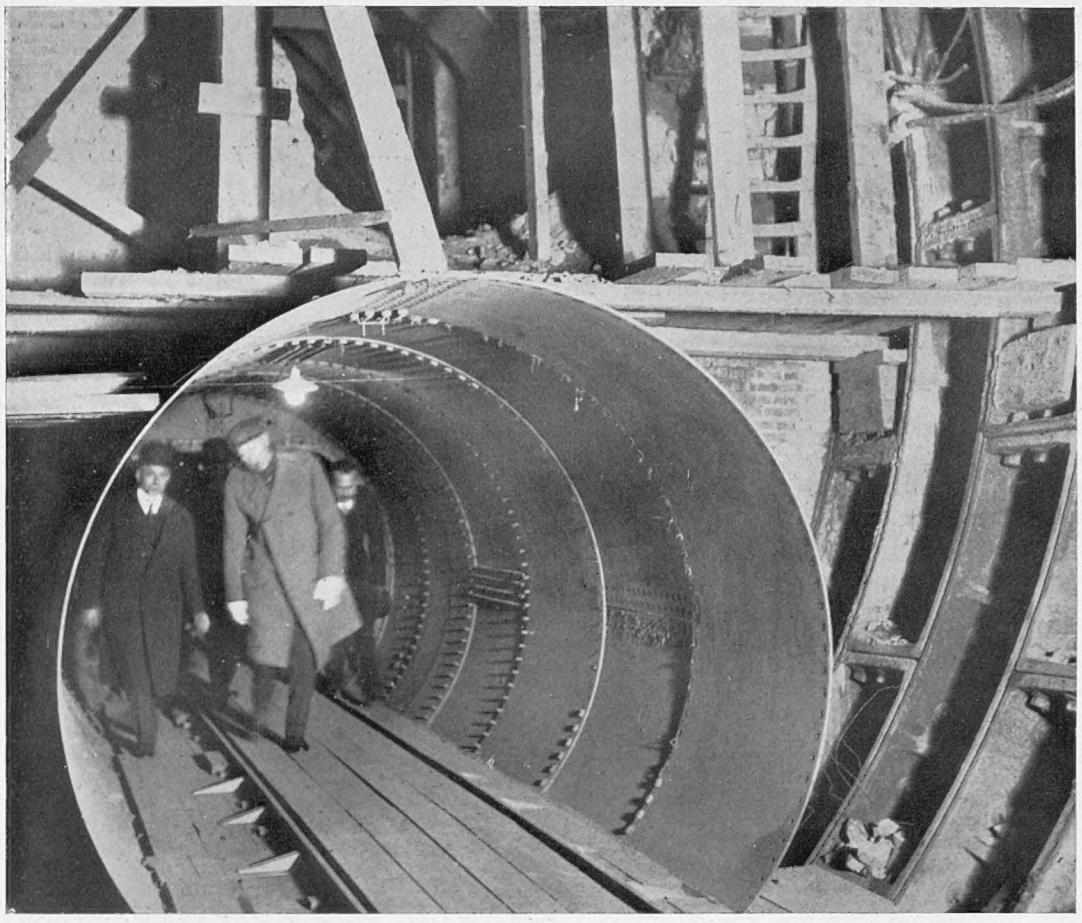
EXPECTANCY: Fare money handed out to pupils of the Royal Hospital School, Greenwich, whereby they visited their homes for the festive season

ONE CWT. OF FREE COAL has been delivered to all the poor of Windsor over the age of sixty—a gift from the King. Mrs. Fuzzens is seen above receiving her Royal gift

SAILORS DON'T CARE! A group of lads from the *Arethusa* training ship cheering and being generously cheered by their less fortunate friends as they went ashore for Christmas leave

NOT THE RIVIERA! A striking scene on the Palace Pier, Brighton. The sun bather in the foreground is Jack Pettifer, who is training on the South Coast for his coming fight with Jack Petersen for the heavyweight championship

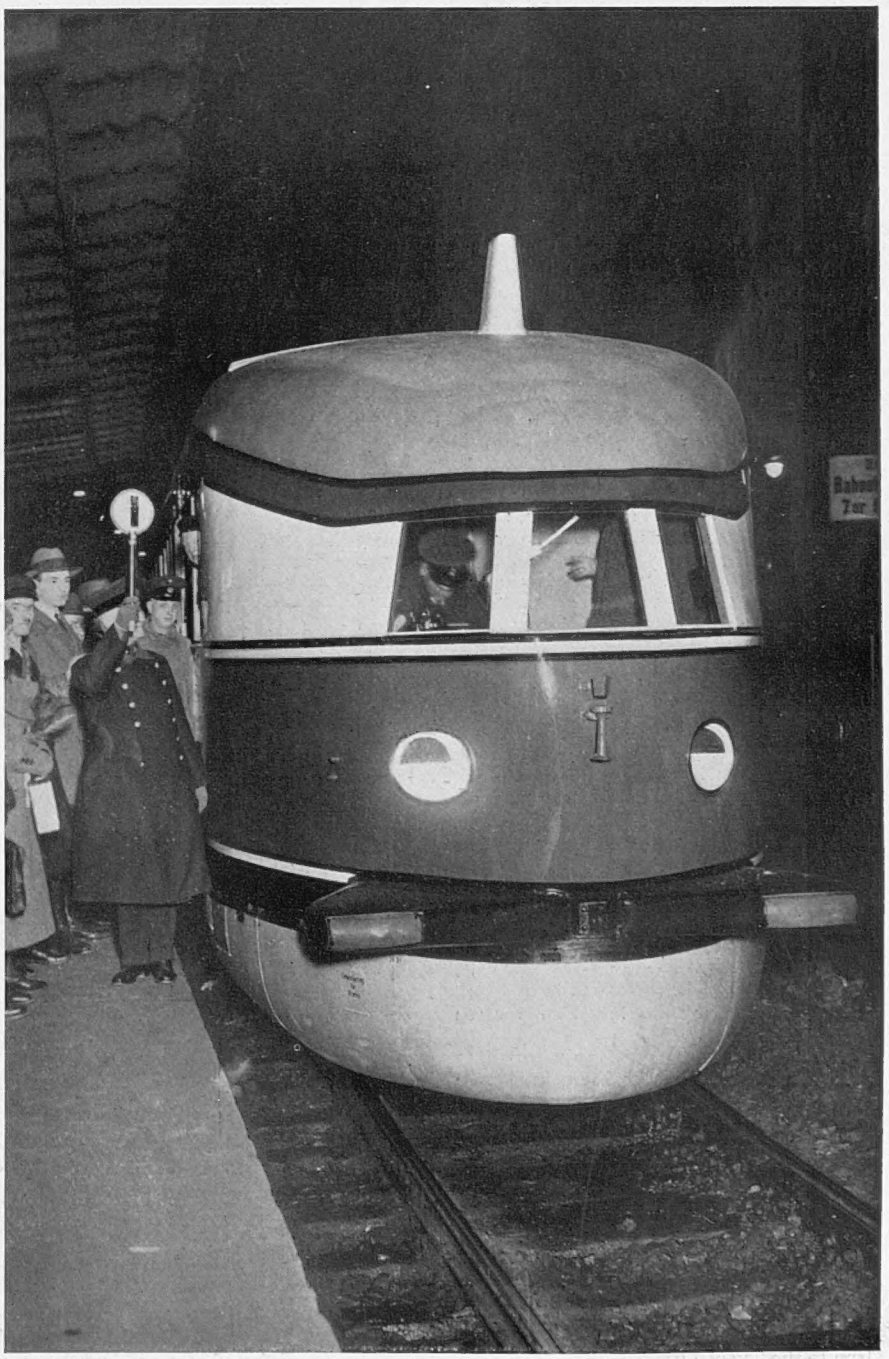
MECHANICAL NEWS



TRAFFIC TUNNEL UNDER THE SCHELDT: This big engineering task was recently inaugurated by King Albert of the Belgians. The King passed down one of the locks in which workmen carried on their toil by means of compressed air. The lock is to be demolished

BRITAIN'S BABY RECORD BREAKER: Mr. G. E. T. Eyston at Montlhéry, where in an M.G. Midget he broke nine baby car records

SOUND DRAWING: Herr Rudolf Pfenninger has developed the amazing science of creating notes unheard in Nature by designing patterns analagous to, but different from, those on a sound film, photographing them and running them through a tone film projector. Whole concerts of uncomposed music will in time be so drawn, and by "touching up" indifferent film voices may be translated into that of Caruso



THE FLYING HAMBURGER: Driven by electric power on two 420 h.p. Diesel-Maybach petrol engines, this novel train attained a speed of 91 m.p.h. on a run from Berlin to Hamburg, covering the 180 miles in 40 minutes less time than the ordinary express. The train was expressly designed (at the Zeppelin works) to offer the minimum of wind resistance. It is hoped to establish a regular service of these gigantic trains on this route in the summer

THINGS ARE GETTING BETTER—

It is Essential that Every Step Taken in this Country to Combat Depression Should be Given the Publicity it Deserves . . . It is a Story which Needs Telling to the Rest of the Country and, More Important Still, to the World at Large

—The Prince of Wales in London

By J. BAKER WHITE

Speaking in London a few days ago the Prince of Wales used the words set forth in special type at the head of this article. The Prince spoke with an intimate knowledge of industry and he knows what a wonderful story there is to tell, how British industry has fought and won in 1932. I talked last week with one of the greatest industrialists in the country, a man who has close relations with the world of coal and iron and steel. He re-echoed the Prince's words. "I wish the public knew," he said, "how British industry has fought and beaten the depression this year. I believe 1932 will prove to be one of the most momentous years in the industrial history of this country."

Just about a year ago after a tour of the industrial areas of Britain, I ventured (in an article in THE SPHERE) to express the opinion that there were some grounds for optimism. To-day, on the threshold of a New Year, a survey of industry leads me to think that it is safe to be really optimistic about the future. Things are really getting better. Go where you like in industry, even in the most depressed industry of all, shipbuilding, and you will find hope for the future.

Take the coal industry, the basic industry of all, and the most affected by depression. There are definite signs of improvement, particularly in the export trade. *We have sold more anthracite to Canada this year than ever before, more than double last year's sales.* We are winning back coal markets in Scandinavia that had been lost to the Poles. In Germany and France our coal trade has been seriously hampered by the restrictions imposed on imports by the respective Governments, but wherever our coal industry is given a fair chance it is capturing business. The output of coal in Britain in the four weeks ended November 26 was 17,054,000 tons, as compared with 16,371,000 tons in the four weeks ended October 22. Exports of coal were 5,008,000 tons in November, as against 4,835,000 in October and 4,319,000 in September. These figures tell a story, as do the home railway traffic returns. The figures for the week ended December 17 show appreciable increases in the value of the coal traffic, £24,500 on the L.M.S., £6,000 on the Great Western, and £3,000 on the Southern. In the last few weeks there have been gradual but substantial increases in the value of various colliery shares. At Cardiff Docks more coal-loading plants are being brought into use, and fewer colliers are lying idle on the tide. Coal production in the last week before Christmas was nearer the 5,000,000-ton mark than it has been for thirty-four weeks, and more miners were at work than in any week since the beginning of August. A significant development in the coal industry this year has been the establishment of the Coal Utilization Council. Its purpose is to stimulate the consumption of coal, to find new uses for it and its by-products, and to inform the public as to the best methods of getting the greatest value out of the coal. Go into the coalfields to-day, and you will find optimism and hope.

In the iron and steel industry, too, they are looking forward to 1933 as a year that will bring continued improvement. The pig-iron section of the industry is holding its own. There are fifty-nine furnaces in blast, three more than in the slump month of July, and production was higher in November than in the four previous months. In the same month the output of steel ingots was 473,800 tons, as against 439,800 tons in October and 459,200 tons in November, 1931. There is in fact a small but definite improvement in the basic sections of the iron and steel industry, and there was a slight improvement in employment in November. The industry has had a terribly bad time, but it is fighting back. A steelworks at Swansea is to be reopened early in the New Year for the manufacture of steel for tinplate mills. The tinplate manufacturers expect in 1933 to get more and more orders from the steadily-thriving home-canning industry. At Merthyr a new industry for the manufacture of an aluminium alloy by a new process is to be established. There is more hope in South Wales to-day than there has been for ten years.

The steel industry of Britain has been criticized, often by politicians not in possession of the full facts, for failing to modernize and adapt itself to the conditions of the day. That criticism is unfair, for in face of adversity it is preparing for prosperity in the future. The Lancashire Steel Corporation is about to spend £1,750,000 on the centralization of the production of wire rods, wire netting, barbed wire, and wire nails. A new wire-rod mill is being built, the largest in the country, and the complete process of production, from the manufacture of the pig-iron to the finished products, will be carried out on one site. It needs courage in these days to spend close on £2,000,000 on one plant. It needs courage, too, to take the great step that is being taken in Northamptonshire, one of the most important in the whole history of the industry. Some £3,000,000 are to be spent on the development of the iron ore deposits in the county for the manufacture of Bessemer steel. For years now this particular type of steel has been imported. The recommencement of manufacture at home will not only provide work and wages for about 20,000 men; it will revolutionize the whole home steel industry and make it one of the strongest, if not the strongest, in the world.

The improvement in the engineering industry is also definite. It has not yet had time to have any appreciable effect on unemployment—except in the Midlands, where the total numbers unemployed are nearly 20 per cent. lower than a year ago—but there are straws in the wind. Here are a few of the contracts secured by the British engineering industry in the past few weeks—

Petrol storage tanks for use at Haifa, Palestine, by the Iraq Petroleum Company. The contract is worth £160,000, and 8,000 tons of British steel will be used.

Three coal-cleaning plants, for use in Durham, Czechoslovakia, and Holland, valued at £40,000. The company constructing these describes 1932 as a record year.

Paper-making machinery, valued at £250,000, to be constructed at Bury, Lancashire, to form part of an £850,000 capital development scheme.

A low-level sewer, a mile-and-a-half long, to be constructed at Chiswick by a Durham firm. Value approximately £110,000.

Constructional steel work for the Mersey Tunnel, the contract worth over £119,000.

Twenty-six tank locomotives, valued at approximately £120,000, for the Soviet Government.

£500,000 to be spent on enlarging a motor works at Luton.

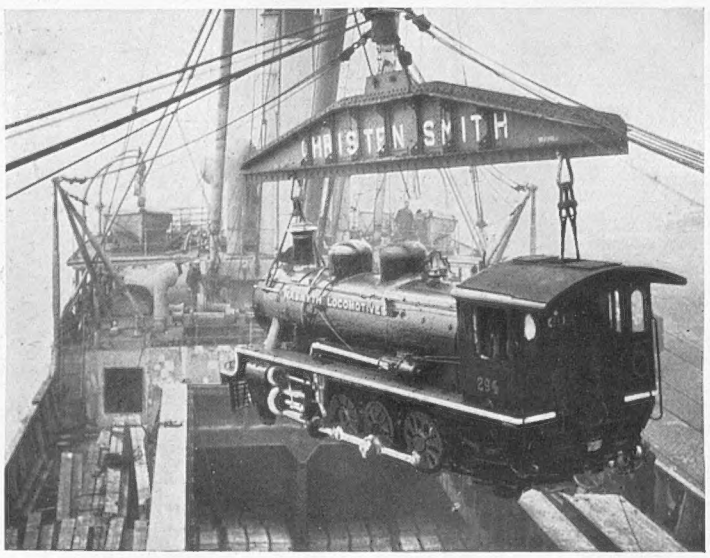
Two years ago the British locomotive industry was virtually stagnant. A few days ago we shipped the biggest locomotive in the world to Russia, and on December 14 eight heavy engines left for China. This year we have created in Britain a new branch of the industry, the manufacture of Diesel locomotives. And on the road and in the air we finish 1932 triumphantly supreme. There is no motor car better than the British, there is no aeroplane better than those we make. A few days ago a tiny British car, hurtling round the Montlhéry track, smashed nine records. Only a few hours before Mrs. Mollison had put her machine and its accessories to the highest possible test. Here are the figures and facts that tell the other side of the story. In the six months ended June 1932 there was a *decrease* of more than £85,000 in the value of cars imported, and a *decrease* in all motor industry imports of more than £73,000. In the same period the *increase* in the value of British cars exported was £212,250. There are at least two motor firms in the Birmingham area working day and night shifts, and in this area there are 10,000 more engineering hands at work than a year ago. In the aircraft industry not only are exports increasing, but British aeroplanes are built under licence in eleven countries and aero engines in sixteen.

In the cotton textile industry the outlook is brighter than it has been for some years. The labour troubles that have hung over the industry like a dark cloud since 1926 have been removed, and market prospects at home and abroad are definitely good. There has been a notable improvement in the exports of cotton piece goods, 159,210,000 square yards in November as against 125,990,000 yards in the same month of 1931. Since the disputes came to an end there has been a drop of 47,000 in unemployment in the cotton area, more looms are being started every week, and there is increased activity in orders from India. Recently a Rangoon merchant placed an order for 300,000 yards of cotton print goods, creaseless cotton goods are now on the market, and the textile side of the British Industries Fair will occupy 15,000 square feet more in 1933 than in 1932. They are cautious people in Lancashire, but a leading shipper recently declared that "generally things were distinctly better." In the wool industry there are signs of improvement, not so marked as in the cotton industry, and unemployment is slightly less than a year ago.

Certain British industries are definitely on the road to prosperity. The canning industry continues to expand, and to-day there are seventy-seven factories canning fruit and vegetables in England and Wales. The wireless industry continues to grow, and is now competing successfully with foreign manufacturers of cheap goods. The paint, varnish, and wallpaper trades show excellent trading results as a whole, and the British film industry was never stronger and never with better opportunities than to-day. The heating and cooking apparatus section of the electrical industry is doing well, and the industrial and commercial consumption of electricity throughout the country continues to increase month by month. There is an increasing demand for British toys of all kinds, and certain types that a few years ago came from abroad are now manufactured at home. Likewise, such former Continental monopolies as decorative glass lamps and powder boxes are now being made in Britain. Incidentally 218 new factories have been established in Britain by foreign firms since November 1931, and when completed they will employ 14,000 people.

We can find comfort in the figures of British exports. It is true that in the last eleven months the value of exports from this country has declined by 6.9 per cent. But the exports of the United States have gone down by 35.7 per cent., Germany's by 41.1 per cent., France's by 37.3 per cent., and Italy's by 33.3 per cent. In other words, we have more than held our own, and what we perhaps fail to realize is that our currency has stood triumphant against stress and attack. There are still some very black spots in industry. The shipbuilding industry remains terribly depressed, and while new State-subsidized liners cross the Atlantic under foreign flags the unfinished Cunarder remains a silent reproach on Clydebank. Shipping is still very bad, fighting against all kinds of adversities. Agriculture has a long way to go before recovery is in sight, though the last few months have been marked by a slight improvement in stock prices. The most optimistic farmers think that they have touched bottom. The fishing industry is being terribly hard hit by foreign competition, and there are something like 6,200 of the finest men in the world waiting on the fish quays for a job while foreign fish piles into Billingsgate.

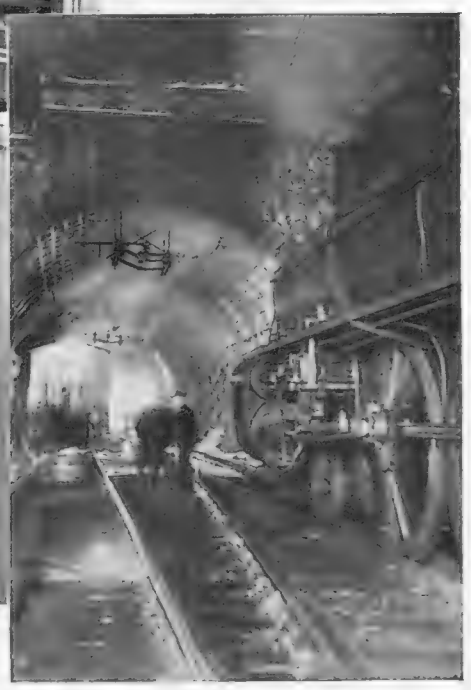
Yet wherever you go in British industry to-day, from the farms of Kent and Sussex to the ironworks of Durham and the humming mills of Lancashire, you can find men of vision who look upon 1933 with quiet optimism. And amongst the unemployed you will find great courage, which causes me to marvel more every time I see it. And beneath it all there is quiet patriotism, the great heart of Britain beating strong and clear. It has been a testing time since August 1931, and the nation and industry have not failed. We have still got a difficult road to travel, but there are better times ahead.



A BRITISH CONTRACT PLACED BY CHINA: One of the eight 100-ton locomotives built by Messrs. Nasmyth Wilson at Manchester. One of the engines is seen above being swung into the hold of S.S. *Belpamela* at Salford Docks, Manchester

THE SURVEY OF THE SPHERE

TO COUNTERACT EROSION: The current caused when the sluices of the new 18-mile dyke dividing the Zuyder from the North Sea has been found to eat away the "floor" and so to undermine the dyke itself. Huge rafts made of a zinc framework covered with mats of osiers have been weighted with basalt and sunk at the entrances of the sluices, thus breaking up the force of the current. A raft is seen above about to be sunk at the Den Oever Sluice



TRAGEDY ON THE LINE: The scene in the Gutsch Tunnel, near Lucerne, after the collision of two electric trains with the consequent tale of nine killed and many injured

THE TRIALS OF A KING: King Boris of Bulgaria recently walked back to his palace from a ceremony to be recognized and escorted to his door by cheering subjects

EARLY DOORS FOR CHRISTMAS: Despite depression, the traditional *Christkind* spirit broods over Germany. Shoppers are seen waiting for the doors of a store to open—a business boom in Berlin

THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE LEPER INSTITUTE near Addis Ababa, wherein researches for a cure of the scourge is to be scientifically sought, was laid by H.I.M. Haili Selassies (Ras Tafari). The Emperor is seen above; on the left is the Crown Prince. Notable British and American representatives were present

THE FIERY CROSS raised by the Ku Klux Klan at Arlington, where the organization swore that hunger marchers should not enter Washington *via* Virginia

EUROPE

A HUNGER STRIKE IN POLAND: In order to demonstrate in what misery they are living, and to protest against the alleged indifference of the State, members of the Polish Legion, who are unemployed and have no means, have organized a hunger strike in Warsaw. Some of the strikers exhausted by their abstention are seen above

One night recently there entered into a Berlin restaurant an obvious former army officer, leaning on a stick. There was no mistaking his shaven head, sabre slashes on the cheek, and haughty carriage. The newcomer stared bitterly at each of us in turn—we may have been a dozen—then the manager stepped forward and gave the man something while showing him the door. He looked so sinister and hating. On the threshold the man swung round, drew himself to stiffest attention, and uttered, "Ladies and gentlemen, a former officer of the German Army presents his excuses, thanks you, and wishes you good-night." And the speaker passed out into the busy Leipsigerstrasse, to the relief of the diners.

That scene was typical of whole sections of the Continent to-day. The beggar was one of Berlin's 30,000 mendicants, largely of good origin, flotsam of the great depression. It is not a cheerful Europe at the present time. I have never known a more subdued Continent, nor one wherein want and pale resignation have become so deeply writ. Nothing is working properly, nothing. It doesn't matter where you go—and I imagine I have been in most lands, save Russia, during the year that is closing—the story is much the same. On the surface there may be glitter, even merriment, and bright lights and laughing faces, but you don't have to search very far before coming upon something different, upon care and distress and hopelessness.

It is said that 30,000,000 are victims. Of course, we are all affected; I mean that these millions of men, women, and children are actually *suffering* from the Standstill of Folly, from the crisis so-called, and of which this is the fourth Christmastide to come and go. Behold a sorry Continent, a far-flung tale of evictions and business failures, of wholesale closings-down of hotels, shops, stores, night-places, theatres, of swindling and smuggling, of living on one's wits, of incipient arson to rake in the insurance while the raking in is yet good, of charity, of hunger and sleeping out, of declining morals and morality, of heartbreaking daily presentation in search of work; behold, too, a bad-tempered, nerve-frayed Europe, and a poor, unspending one, with most things cut to the bone, a Continent in which any form of one-time jollification simply isn't done any longer. A growling Europe, politically jumpy and disillusioned, and with a varied collection of armed factions peering into the immediate future and keeping their weapons sharp.

More than three years of it now! And the turn of the tide but hazily discernible, if at all. How much longer must it go on? That is what is being asked, with varying heat, all over Europe these wintry days. What will the next year bring? Improvement? The same continuance down in the trough of the wave? Something worse? One remark, I do know is common to every land: *it cannot go on.*

Perhaps, though, I should qualify the above. Inevitably the picture becomes more sombre in winter. One has witnessed great light-heartedness in Berlin and Vienna in spring and summer, and doubtless the same will happen again in 1933, crisis or no crisis. Woes are curtailed or banished when one has warmth and light and can bathe or lie about all day—and that is what most of unemployed Central Europe does, and at a cost of practically nothing. Cheap pleasures to-day, notably unheard-of reading. With the spring tens of thousands will take to the roads once more and spend the ensuing months as the new nomads, youth chiefly, and of both sexes, and adventure in the air, and freedom, and friendships by the way. And food asked for and given, or a night's rest. No—half the year is tolerable enough, even these tragic times. There's always something in "the next turn."

I dare even hazard that a greater number are experiencing relative happiness to-day even in the depths of world slump than was the case before the War: better dressed, better housed, in better health, better distracted, perhaps better fed. That may not alter the wretchedness of the unemployed worker and artisan and professional man, the desperate struggle to keep families nourished; still, let us for goodness' sake pull forth the bright side where we can. Let us consider, for instance, the tremendous interest in sport and the growing urge to participate among youth. Near Berlin I visited as heartening an institute as any to be found in Europe: a sport palace in which are trained 300 youth and girls so that they may issue forth as "sports doctors," duly diplomaed. They pay 50 marks a month for quarters.

However, 'tis the winter I am writing of, and that strikes home. Winter, 1932–33, when the best thing for so many to do is to stay abed.

Hibernate. And eke out on the slender dole and with soup kitchens. In Vienna there's a place where one may have soup, heat, sleep, for fivepence. It was eloquent to watch the new arrivals pile their musical instruments against the wall. That is one result of the slump: the cities of Europe echo to various forms of music. Even as London has her Welsh miners' voices, Berlin has the harmonica and Vienna the guitar. A cartoon the other day showed one half of Vienna serenading the other half. Incidentally, there is a great difference between the respective demeanours of the German and the Austrian mendicants. The former thrust themselves before one, as good as demanding a pittance as owing to them from society. They say, "Help the workless."

The Austrians are meek by comparison and just—beg. As they have the run of all restaurants, it is always well to sit down with sufficient small change. And when one has just given, say, half-a-dozen times to down-at-heel "musicians," a meal is apt to become a depressing enough occasion. In parts of Hungary beggars are paid 3s. a week not to beg.

There is probably more hardship in and about Berlin than any other capital. London, Brussels, and Madrid are the "cheapest" capital cities; Paris is the dearest. But that is not to say the French are yet as badly hit as others. I would even say France remains the least attained of lands though more than one of her staple industries—notably Tourisme—has taken an appalling knock. All branches of the community in the Republic have, however, put money by and are now living on it. One odd effect of "la crise" has been the migration of small rentiers and even of workpeople from one part of the country to the other, from too-dear cities to cheaper ones. Paris being the dearest, there is a regular exodus in the direction of Bordeaux and Marseilles. A similar movement away from Berlin is signalled, the local population having fallen by over 100,000 in a little over a year.

"THE PEN": Germany has followed the Anglo-American system for professional dancers at a newly-opened Bar in Berlin called "The Stupid Thing." They are hirable at 10 pfennigs a dance. This shows a facet of night life under the depression

London is the jolliest place remaining, then Copenhagen.

There is not a country now which does not show a heavy budgetary deficit and in which taxation has not reached the "ceiling." While armaments based on nationalism are responsible for much of the over-spending, extravagant promises made at election time have in equal measure brought about the disruption of national finances and resultant civic demoralization. The nationalism, born of war-fever, has everywhere increased public expenditure, notably in subsidies. It has also vastly contributed to the economic disorganization of Europe. The Peace Treaties, with their new frontier lines taking no heed of economic necessities, have broken down geographically, and it is widely held that some substitute must speedily be evolved by which absurd tariff walls and the stoppage of the normal flow of business are alike tackled with common sense. At present the Europe one travels through is a continent in which not much is really functioning. Smokeless factories. Purchases on all sides reduced to a minimum and small feel of permanence in anything, owing to lack of confidence in the future.

ATHLETICISM TRIUMPHANT is In the summer, the open dark days only the young cross-country

It is also gradually dawning upon large numbers of the community that unemployment is likely to prevail on the grand scale indefinitely, and that something must be done to handle the problem on that wider basis. Great public works, internationally backed, are mentioned. The public in Europe is not inclined to believe that machines can ever again be controlled so as to give work all round; and opinion is growing that youth must be given a start in life at all costs, even if it means the side-tracking of men of fifty and the radical compression of women's work. Just now, few men in Germany of more than forty-five years of age can ever hope to get work again. Too old! This desirability of giving youth a start in life, at all hazards, is not the least important social trend abroad currently. The labour camps for young

A TRANSPORT STRIKE IN ATHENS: "Black-leg trams shall not run" is, apparently, the motto of the Athenian strikers, who lay rocks over the lines

AT THE TURN OF THE YEAR

A Picture which May Bring a Measure of Comfort to the Disgruntled in this Country

By FERDINAND TUOHY

Germans have more or less failed, as an experiment, and we see the country studded with young men who have never had a job. This is much the same in other lands, and crime (also suicide) is increasing as a sequel. The demoralization—and steady sovietizing—of Europe's youth is an urgent matter the treatment of which brooks no delay.

Going over the European countries one by one, Russia has not brought off the Five Year Plan, is experiencing a winter of acute distress, and continues to plough a lonely furrow diplomatically, apart from pacts of non-aggression which may or may not mean anything—opinions differ. Poland is economically and financially well and truly in Queer Street and, furthermore, is in the unhappy position of seeing much of her territory coveted by powerful neighbours.

In Scandinavia, Sweden is hard put to it trying to get over Kreuger, who was an Americanized national habit of mind; Denmark—also called "John Bull's Other Ireland"—is struggling for markets. The crisis in the Low Countries is no less severe—deficit, deficit, in Holland and Belgium. One of the most tragic sights in contemporary Europe is a big port such as Rotterdam, or Antwerp, or Hamburg. In the latter, one of the sources of livelihood is fishing for coal in the harbour when the tide is low, coal that has dropped overboard. There were 180 sizable vessels laid up in Hamburg when I last passed that way. How uncanny is the ocean calm of to-day beside the hectic times of a decade ago. Barely half the shipping in commission, and most vessels, at that, undercargoed.

one of the pro's in post-war Europe. air has a great appeal but in the sports enthusiasts pursue their runs and hikes

Germany opens the year with chances of a more stable régime, and also of a better reception internationally, but great unrest endures and he would be a bold one who would write off 1933 without the possibility of civil war. The chief trouble in France, subsidized and quota-ed to the eyes, is the cost of living, and whether or not to permit Germany to grow more equal in strength. There is a whole school in France anxious to thrust to the Rhine now and have done with it, but unless some disaster befalls, such as the collapse of the franc, I hardly think this school will prevail. France is well-off still, although one wouldn't think so from what one hears.

Spain is just now in a mood of black depression. This happens with the Spaniards; now on the heights, now in the depths. The notion is that the Republic has been a wash-out and that something much more Left must be introduced. Spain is certainly more in a state of flux than any other land. Also she is badly in need of funds—as are they all. And yet there has been a positive rush of cosmopolitan expatriates to Spain. Italy carries on outwardly calm and dignified under the iron hand which staves off many of the ills of democracy, shortcomings growing ever more glaring as international life becomes increasingly technical. Yet beneath the calm exterior, Fascist Italy shares most of the grim handicaps of the age; it is a sombre Italy one sees, and one asking like all the rest: *how long?*

Barter is of common occurrence and is likely to increase this coming year, especially in the country districts. Another innovation of necessity is the professional mart, where lawyers, writers, painters, dentists, and so on, exchange services in kind. Barter is thoroughly installed in the Balkans and in Hungary and parts of Austria. Europe is right back at the birth of things here and there, no money passing, just groceries for meat, clothes for utensils, and so on. Without doubt the deadest sector of all is along the Danube where inter-relationship over frontiers seems practically to have ceased. An American friend told me latterly that he sailed right down the Danube from Vienna to the Black Sea, 1,000 miles, and passed only twenty-one ships, the majority coal vessels connected with the passenger service of the river. One boat every fifty miles. And this the greatest potential waterway in Europe, passing through seven rich industrial or agricultural countries. What a commentary on our chronic follies! On the deadlock to which things have been brought by economic nationalism, the latest and most remarkable demonstration of which is proceeding apace under Mr. de Valera.

It does seem that until nations revert to something approaching their former rôles—here agricultural, there industrial—there can be precious little hope for sustained recovery. But is this possible? I have told before how Hungary has gone industrial, contributing to kill Vienna which used to purchase most of Hungary's produce and now can't afford to buy a thing. In Hungary geese, fine and fat, cost sixpence. In Vienna, you couldn't get one for ten times that sum. On all sides commodity prices have descended so as to ruin producer and consumer alike. Salaries are also down, sometimes by 70 per cent. and in all trades and professions. Cinemas, cafeterias, cigarettes, cosmetics, seem almost alone to be thriving.

To conclude this geographical tale of woe, the Balkans are entirely broke, and in Jugoslavia serious political trouble threatens into the bargain though I, for one, decline to believe that the world will ever march for another Sarajevo. The finances of Rumania are perhaps the rockiest of all; they may be said not to exist.

More than a score of nations have resorted to currency restriction, thereby further throttling mutual trade, while

THE FLUCTUATING IDOL: Hitler, after his reception (and the inevitable refusal!) by Von Hindenburg, acknowledges the cheers of the Nazis from the balcony of his hotel

fifteen States have already defaulted in debts, and other defaulting is without any manner of doubt in the offing. Production has dropped to less than half of the normal; national revenues show enormous trade falling-away; the harbours of Europe are packed with shipping; more and higher tariffs and import quotas round out the general picture this Christmas of grace. What a Europe it is, to be sure! And how proud we should be of our handiwork! "The primary function of the State," a cynic has written, "is the destruction of international trade." Well, at all events, that is what has supervened. On the plea of the necessity of becoming self-sufficient, nations are hindering a soul buying a thing from them.

It is an extraordinary Continent over which one travels fourteen years after the War. I am beginning to doubt if it is exactly a credit to the prevalent dictators. Nothing seems to be doing. On all sides, idleness, emptiness, hard times, muttering. Trains, roads, boats, are as good as empty. Hardly a tourist in sight even at the set centres, and that sure indicator of business, the commercial traveller, the rarest of birds. I who motor over Europe in and out of season am often now alone in a hotel dining-room. And how one gets positively nervy at the constant reiteration of woe which is the permanent leit motif of all casual conversation.

War and slump. These are the two things Europe talks most about. It has become a neurosis. Not believing in the imminence of war—particularly since Germany has been lured back to the Disarmament Conference, and that France is beginning to display common sense—I suggest to my rare fellow pilgrims rather to concentrate on economics, in the absence of a cure for which anything may happen. For this sort of Europe *cannot go on.* It is against Nature, against sanity; it is steadily promoting a rising bitterness, and among none more so than with the young who say, "You gave us birth—give us the wherewithal to live!"

A seasonable toast, therefore, is: "To the World Economic Conference, Debts and Tariffs Included!" (since without them the reunion might merely serve to beckon a worse mess.)

HUNGER MARCHING IN FRANCE: Even the fortunate land which, until this month, seemed to be sitting on top of the world, has recently become acquainted with this phenomenon that has been manifest in England and America. In France, however, they were intercepted by the police and forbidden to enter Paris and demonstrate against the Government

NATIONALIST RIOTS IN SOFIA were checked by drastic action on the part of reinforced police. The occasion was the anniversary of the signature of the treaty between the Allies and Bulgaria. Demonstrations were feared at all Legations

THE FIERCE AND THE FRIGHTENED

Heraldic Poses in Untrammelled Nature

A SNAPPING TURTLE SNAPPANT: An inhabitant of the London Zoo welcomes with avidity a portion of his daily ration. Such a turtle can easily nip the toe off a swimmer

A TURTLE ENSHELLED AT GAZE: A denizen of the Tiergarten at Frankfurt-am-Main looking with a quaint mixture of timidity and stolidity out from his carapace, full of wonderful natural design, his head between his scaly claws

Inset above—A PUSS-MOTH CATERPILLAR COWARDED: A curious insect with a peculiar forked tail (hence sometimes called "forky-tailed") seen when alarmed by some menace to its safety

A BARBARY SHEEP, CORNIFER, IN PIETY: Mother and child at the London Zoo form a perfect artistic composition. The heraldic term for feeding the young (as applied to a pelican, the only creature so emblazoned) is "in piety"

AN AFRICAN BUFFALO AFFRONTEE: A striking picture of one of the most dangerous of African animals, of whom it has been stated by an American hunter that "he looks mean, but is a whole lot meaner than he looks"

SOME LONDON HAPPENINGS

SHARING OUT £66,000: Girls at work at Hammersmith Town Hall, under the law's massive protection, sorting out the funds to be divided up at Christmas between the members of the Broadway Congregational Societies

WEATHER PROPHETS OF TO-MORROW: Members of the first school Meteorological Society to be recognized by the Air Ministry are students between 11 and 15 at Acton Central School

MASKED CAROL SINGERS OF MAYFAIR: The choir organized by Mrs. Aspinall Oglander, combining both amateur and professional talent, in aid of the Westminster Day Nursery and Dockland Settlement

SIR LANDON RONALD WEDS: The distinguished musical director with his bride, Miss Mary Callison of Didsbury, Manchester, after the ceremony at Paddington Registrar's Office last week

NOT FORGOTTEN: The Duchess of York, accompanied by the Duke, was at the Christmas tea-party for ex-Servicemen given by the Not-Forgotten Association at the Royal Riding School, Buckingham Palace. H.R.H. is seen cutting the cake

BRITAIN OFF THE GOLD STANDARD: The Stock Exchange world passed through the difficult early months with comparative calm when panic in sterling was conspicuous by its absence (The early months)

THE LINDBERGH TRAGEDY: State troopers beating the woods round Hopewell, New Jersey, in one of the greatest personal tragedies and national scandals of all time (March)

THE AMERICAN WHIRLWIND: Ellesworth Vines, who trounced Austin in the final at Wimbledon and was hailed (until beaten by Borotra) as the greatest player of all time (June)

1932! A TREMEN

This has been a tremendous year, one that our descendants will envy us for having experienced personally. Nor am I being cynical. It is a privilege to live through a period when history is being forged at white-hot speed. It may have been a painful privilege, beginning with the payment of three-quarters of our income tax on January 1, and ending with the enforced payment of all that gold to America on December 15. But, as Noel Coward said joyously at the fall of the curtain on the first night of *Cavalcade*, it is really rather exciting to be English nowadays.

In time to come chroniclers will surely point to 1932 as the most magnificent instance of British endurance in history. And they will say, too, that King George has proved to be one of the outstanding monarchs since William the Conqueror. Compare the easy time King Edward and Queen Victoria had during their reigns with the troublous years since 1911. King George might well have been content to act as the figurehead of Empire, and no more. Instead, having formed the National Government almost single-handed last year, he has succeeded in maintaining it throughout the past twelve months. Foreign commentators openly express their admiration for him. We ourselves do not begin to appreciate his power behind the throne, and the tact with which he exercises it.

In a review of so historic a year it is hard to know where to begin. We had been forced off the gold standard for three months before the opening of 1932. Three weeks ago the pound dropped to a point below 13s. In any other country in the world there would have been national hysteria. In Great Britain that day, one of our leading newspapers featured the news that Jardine had lost the toss in the Test Match against Australia. Perhaps this sangfroid went a little too far. But the whole undercurrent of the year has been the utter refusal to panic on the part of Great Britain, with the result that the only trouble has been an abortive scrimmage in Hyde Park which chagrined correspondents of foreign newspapers endeavoured to magnify into a first-class riot, if not revolution.

If one is to point to the most important month of the year, February must be chosen. It was in February when Mr. Neville Chamberlain as Chancellor of the Exchequer introduced Tariff Reform after 100 years of Free Trade. It was in February that Mr. de Valera decided to withold the £3,000,000 a year paid to Great Britain for land annuities. It was in February that the Japanese bombarded Shanghai in their fight for supremacy in Manchuria. It was in February that the King made that pronouncement almost as famous as Lord Haig's in 1918—"The fortitude of the British people in the face of the present difficulties has shown the world that the spirit of unity and mutual service which shone so brightly during the miseries of war still lives in their hearts, ready to be rekindled in time of national emergency."

After February, August was perhaps the most significant month. It was in August that the agreements reached at the Imperial Economic Conference at Ottawa were signed. Sneers have been levelled at the signatories from various quarters, but at least it was a case of "something attempted, something done." It was in August, also, that the new craze for a cruising holiday reached its height and nearly 60,000 people who had never seen a liner before bought yachting caps and discovered that after all they came of a sea-faring nation. It was one of the most remarkable examples of patriotism and enterprize in our social history, and the shipping companies are confident that they have only scratched the back of this new mass tendency.

Each month of this historic year has been marked by a major sensation. It may have been the triumphant acquittal of Mrs. Barney, or the tragic assassination of President Doumer, or the election of President Roosevelt, or the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby, or the successful conversion of the War Loan, or the union of Methodism, or the introduction of Yo-yo. It was on September 20 at the Albert Hall, and in the presence of the Duke and Duchess of York, that the act of union was signed between the Wesleyan Methodist Church, the Primitive Methodist Church, and the United Methodist Church. It deeply affected about 4,000,000 people, and the King sent a letter of congratulation, Dr. J. Scott Lidgett being the first President of the United Church. The kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby on March 1 sent a wave of horror throughout the civilized world. As usual, when something so inconceivable occurs, the most terrible rumours were circulated which only died an ugly death when the child's body was found on May 12. Who will forget the astounding series of agony column communiqués which purported to be inserted by the kidnappers, and the replies from Colonel Lindbergh's associates, ending in the exposure of the chief of them? Since then every prominent American who has any children has been compelled to have armed detectives to watch them day and night, and Englishmen have sighed with relief at this country's immunity from such terrorism.

Even in England the crime wave has increased enormously, while the number of convictions has decreased. And who is likely to forget the outbreak in Dartmoor Prison, which was marked by an almost ludicrous determination on the part of the law to ensure that the ringleaders received every possible legal assistance during their trial? At the time it seemed as though the Americanization of England was proceeding far too fast. We had smiled indulgently at the many stories of prison outbreaks and mutinies in the United States. It never occurred to us that it could possibly happen in this country.

In contrast to this, we had the sudden appearance of Non-Stop Variety which was introduced with the deliberate intention of competing directly with cinemas and cinema theatres' hours of attendance. When handled intelligently it has proved an immense and lasting success. Already it is being copied all over the world, just as the Mystery Hiking trains have also been adopted in every country except Japan. One must give credit to the little Windmill Theatre off Shaftesbury Avenue for having introduced non-stop variety. Its example was followed in quick succession by the London Pavilion, Daly's (where it was not successful), the Leicester Square Theatre, and the Prince of Wales. An almost equally interesting theatre innovation was that of Crazy Week at the Palladium, where the various turns combine to break into one another's acts, shout at each other from the stage boxes and other parts of the theatre, and "guy" the audience before, during, and after the performance. In this way, too, Great Britain has led the way in international entertainment. Speaking generally of the theatre, it has been a Cochran year with *Cavalcade*, *The Miracle*, *Helen*, *Words and Music*, and now this new show.

To turn aside for a moment to the pageant of weddings—and each seems to become more like a musical play than the last—St. Margaret's started the year with the romantic marriage of Lord Jersey and his seventeen year old Australian bride, Miss Pat Richards. February saw the wedding of Lord Hindlip, and March the wedding of Lord Stanley of Alderley. In April Lord Hyde and Lord Dumfries were married, and the nobility's stock of eligible bachelors was further depleted by the weddings of Lord Charles Cavendish, Lord Grenfell, Lord Cranbrook, Lord O'Neill and Lord David Cecil. In this month we have had the wedding of Miss Diana Churchill and Miss du Boulay, whose husband, Mr. Iain Murray, was honoured with presents from the King and Queen and the Prince of Wales. St. Margaret's has still maintained its reputation as *the* church at which to get married, except when the bridegroom is a Guards officer or a Roman Catholic, when the Military Chapel at Wellington Barracks, or Brompton Oratory fits the respective bill. Of engagements we have had any number—Miss Margaret Whigham's, Sir Hugh Smiley's, Lady Joan Villiers', Lady Anne Wellesley's all having occurred in the past six weeks.

As to London's gaiety, it would be hard to find a more tangible proof of the West End's refusal to be depressed than the hundred-and-twenty per cent. dividend, just announced, of a hotel in Piccadilly. This year an increasing number of foreigners have visited us. And Parisians in particular have been delighted and astonished by the brightness of the lights compared with Montmartre and Montparnasse. Most of our smarter restaurants have redecorated themselves, and the smartest of them all had welcomed its one-hundred-and-fifty-thousandth guest by October. The Ritz has continued to be the most crowded and fashionable hotel restaurant at luncheon time, while the Savoy is rapidly winning its way back into the favours of the younger and more sophisticated members of the Supper Crowd.

THE OTTAWA CONFERENCE: The great Imperial economists, the greatest impulse towards Imperial unity Canada, and Mr. Baldwin are seen one on each side

DOUS YEAR!

"It's Rather Exciting to be an Englishman To-day," says Noel Coward—an Opinion, in View of Recent History, Endorsed

by CHARLES GRAVES

When we come to the world of sport, many vivid memories are left. Wimbledon had a record meeting. America, as usual, won both the singles through the medium of Ellesworth Vines and Miss Helen Jacobs. Bunny Austin collapsed (metaphorically this time) against Ellesworth Vines, and it was left to Borotra in Paris to upset the Californian. This was the most dramatic lawn tennis match ever played, and the Americans who saw it still seethe with indignation at what they call the grossly unfair decisions of the French linesmen. In boxing we have seen the sudden rise of Don McCorkindale, the partial eclipse of Jack Doyle, the winning of our first world's title after many months by Jackie Brown, the extraordinary popularity of the yet unbeaten Walter Neusel, and the promise of Petersen.

The young men have had it all their own way at golf, with John de Forest beating Eric Fiddian in the final of the Amateur Championship. Class golf demands such a high standard of practice as well as skill, nowadays, that it is improbable that anybody over the age of thirty will win this title again. Until two years ago most of our leading players were able to leave their offices for a fortnight or so before a championship.

To-day the call of business prevents this, and it is the youths of undergraduate age or slightly more, with no responsibilities, who alone can play enough regular golf to enable them to maintain their game through several gruelling rounds. Golf also saw the first of the official matches between picked teams of English and American women. The Americans won at Wentworth, and anybody who watched it still burns with annoyance at the lack of proper precaution to control the crowd, which was estimated at fifteen thousand.

Most turf enthusiasts will look back with gloom on 1932. Far too many outsiders won too many of the big races. The flat season was a triumph for Gordon Richards, and Peacock, who just succeeded in saddling his hundredth winner in the final week's racing at Manchester. The season was fortunately clear of turf scandals. What pleased the regulars more than anything else was Brown Jack's fourth consecutive victory in the Queen Alexandra Stakes. As one of them said to me at the time, "Ascot would not be Ascot if old Brown Jack wasn't there to gallop around at least a couple of times."

To strike a more sonorous note in the year's discords, the most impressive performance ever given was the harmonious conversion of the 5 per cent. War Loan in July and August. It could not have been promoted at all but for the visualization of the patriotism of the public, which agreed to take 3½ per cent. instead of 5 per cent. Out of the £2,085,000,000 involved, only £165,000,000 was redeemed, and a lot of that belonged to foreigners. No wonder it was soon rumoured that General Seely, who was in charge of the publicizing of the conversion, was napped for a peerage in the New Year's honours list. In the next day or two we shall see whether this will come true.

India, despite Gandhi's efforts to discredit the British Raj, has been another Imperial success. Without any new taxation the Budget was balanced, and without any Prussianism lawlessness has been put down, while the policy of liberalizing the constitution has been carried on steadily. The difficulty attending the representation of the minor communities has not yet been solved, but the main outlines of the scheme announced by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in the momentous month of August allow for a "general" electorate to include Hindoos and those not allowed community voting, and community voting for the others.

Schoolboys will have to learn, at least, one important new name during geography class—that of Manchukuo, the "independent" state which has Henry Pu Yi, the former Emperor of China, as Governor, but is entirely dominated by Japanese interests. The last few weeks of 1932 rather suggest that geography books will also have to be revised before long where Jugoslavia is concerned. There have been rumblings in Dalmatia, and occasional snarls from Italy, which bode ill for the world's peace. 1932 has proved conclusively that the Treaty of Versailles did not end the War to end wars. It merely created tinder in the Polish Corridor and Jugoslavia for further conflagrations, to mix a few metaphors. Versailles and Geneva cannot be saddled with the responsibility of Manchukuo or the Monarchist outbreaks in Spain, but the sensational rise of the Nazis under Hitler can be traced directly to the undue shackling of a proud nation like Germany. Internationally speaking, the two main conferences were those of Lausanne, at which Great Britain, speaking rather out of turn as it now appears, led the way in suggesting that reparation payments should cease entirely; and of Geneva, which dealt abortively with disarmament.

The chief record of the year stands to the credit of J. A. Mollison, who flew the Atlantic from East to West in a Puss Moth, but wisely did not attempt to fly back. The outstanding personalities have been Hindenburg and Neville Chamberlain. Mr. J. H. Thomas has rather dropped into the background. The obituary list includes ex-King Manœl, Field-Marshal Lord Plumer, Aristide Briand, and the unfortunate Lord Egmont.

To turn again to mass tendencies, the election of President Roosevelt suggested that at last America would break away from prohibition and probably restore the output of our distilleries and breweries to normal. In England the sudden rise of the Tote Clubs became a sensational addition to the world of betting, and thousands of pounds were made every week by their astute founders before the recent legal decision apparently spelled their doom. In London three famous mansions were vacated during 1932—Chesterfield House, Brook House, and Derby House. In partial compensation, we have seen the formal opening of Thames House, Unilever House, and Lambeth Bridge. Carlton House Terrace now has offices. The B.B.C. moved to Broadcasting House in Portland Place.

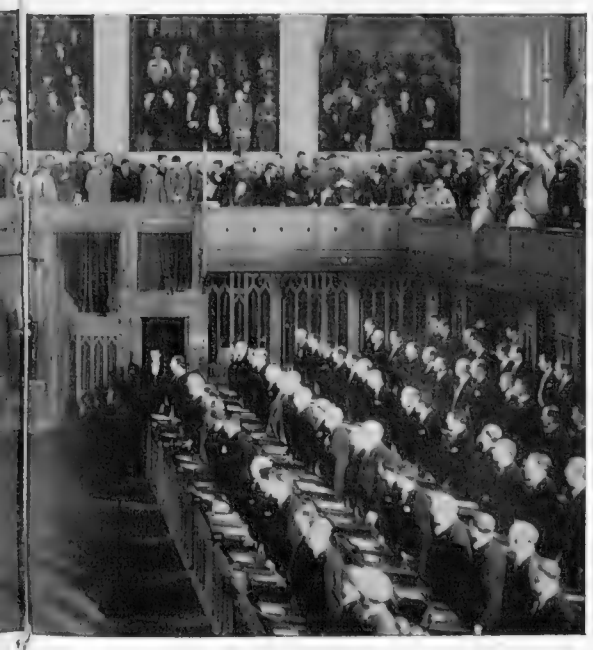
In the world of letters, Sir Owen Seaman resigned his editorship of *Punch*. Louis Golding wrote *Magnolia Street*. The Book Society was savagely attacked. Lady Eleanor Smith scored with *Ballerina*, and Major Yeats-Brown with *Golden Horn*. Gollancz was the most successful publisher.

In the world of women, clothes became much more alluring. Ostrich feathers returned after a lapse of twenty years. Other Edwardian fashions to be revived were lace stockings, veils, boas, and muffs, but the length of skirts and the level of the waistline remained exactly as they were. The most important aspect of 1932, from a dress point of view, was the switching of fashions for English women from Paris to London. This has done more to bolster up the textile trade than anything that has happened this century.

Squash racquet enthusiasts would not consider this brief review of the year's activities to be in any way adequate if no mention was made of Amr Bey's unprecedented feat in becoming the open squash racquets champion of Great Britain, by his decisive defeat of the professional champion. Diplomats will insist on a reference to the popular substitution of Mr. Andrew Mellon for General Dawes at the American Embassy. Sentimentalists will grieve for the unscathed departure of America's two richest heiresses, Miss Barbara Hutton and Miss Doris Duke. Musicians will expect to see a mention of the scene when Sir Edward Elgar conducted Yehudi Menuhin.

But undoubtedly the major topic of at least the last six months of the year was the uncompromising attitude of the United States towards the cancellation of War Debts, with the Anglo-Persian Oil trouble as a good runner-up. 1933 will have a lot to bear on its youthful shoulders, beginning with the three-quarters of the income tax tomorrow.

Yes, the right note on which to end an account of 1932 is undoubtedly a demand note.



gesture of the year and, according to many distinguished and prosperity as yet conceived. Mr. Bennett, Premier of of the Earl of Bessborough at the opening **(August)**

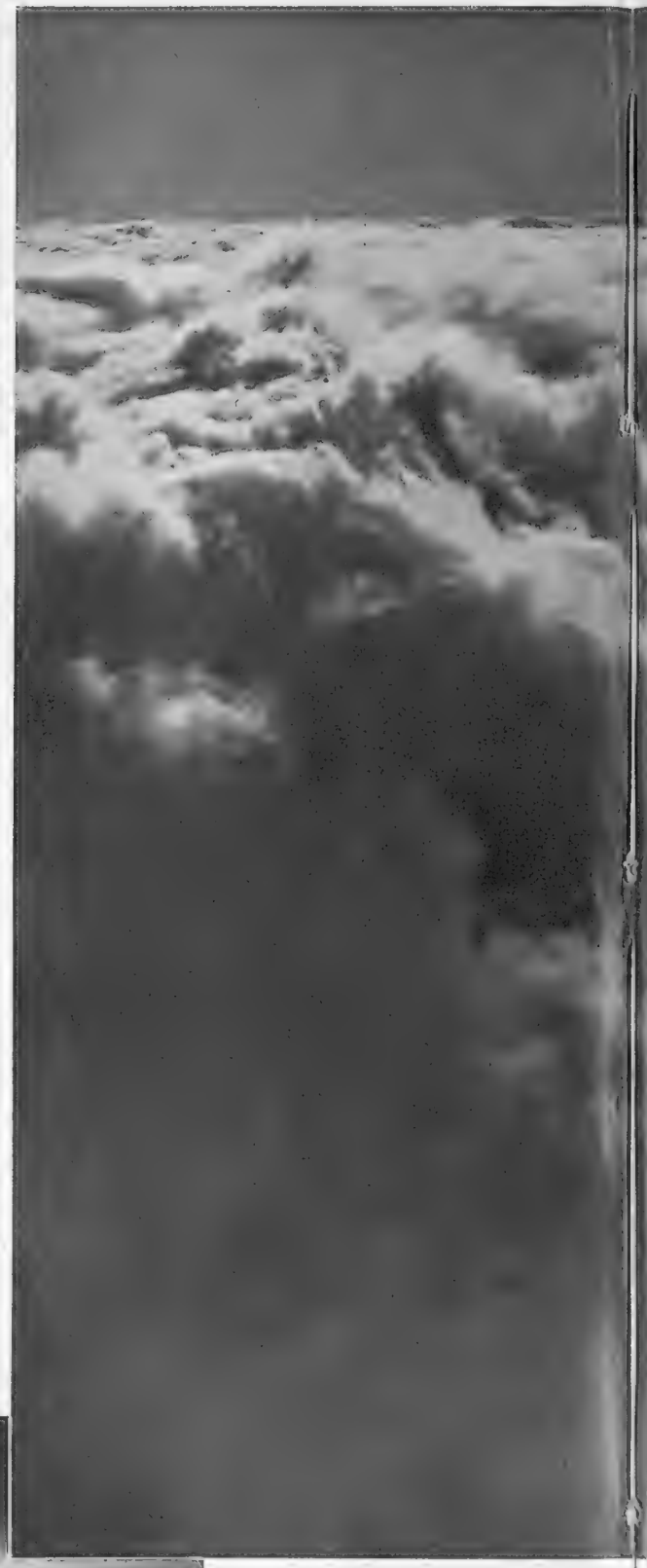
THE UNION OF METHODISM: The Rev. Dr. J. Scott Lidgett signs the pact unifying the various parties in the Methodist Church in a ceremony performed at the Albert Hall **(September)**

THE NEW HOLIDAY: 1932 marked the advent of the cruise as the holiday not only of the rich. Many of the great shipping lines saved stupendous losses by these trips **(All the year round)**

PRESIDENT DE VALERA, the medievally-minded idealist, who defeated Mr. Cosgrave and instituted a virulently anti-British campaign **(All through the year)**

A POT-HOLE IN THE CLOUDS: A gigantic cavern, filled with inky blackness, occasionally makes itself apparent to the awed aeronaut

On left—THE DRAMATIC SCENERY OF CLOUDLAND encountered by aeroplanes. The picture shows the night-mail from Kansas City in a storm



A NIAGARA OF THE CLOUDS: Cavernous cataracts of this awe-inspiring type have been encountered over the spaces of the mid-Atlantic

AN ECLIPSE OF THE MOON SEEN FROM THE AIR: The aeroplane which took this picture was 27,000 ft. above Freyburg, Maine. The bank of alto-cumulus cloud, approximately 125 miles away, was only 11,000 ft. above the earth. The white streak above the clouds is caused by the diffusion of sunlight by dust and haze beyond the shadow of the eclipse

Miss Amy Johnson, in her broadcast narrative on her flight from the Cape to Croydon, referred to the awe-inspiring sight of the great Cameroon forests over which she flew on her homeward journey. There was never a break for mile after mile in this apparently unending sea of treetops. There was nowhere one could have made an effective landing, and the sight was calculated to unnerve the inexperienced. Some idea of what she saw can be gathered from the adjacent picture of jungle territory seen from the air above Yucatan. Vast forest stretches are but one of the terrific sights seen by aviators. Transatlantic flyers have referred to the Cimmerian chasms which have appeared before them when climbing above a storm area. Sometimes layers appear both above the aviator and below him, so that he sees nothing of the heavens or the earth. He has to become familiar with giant pot-holes and storm clouds of inky blackness. One has to have strong nerves for these long distance flights

STRANGE SIGHTS SEEN BY AVIATORS

"THE PILOT'S CROSS": This extraordinary phenomenon occurs occasionally and is caused by the projection of the shadow of the 'plane on to a cloudbank, wherein it is encompassed in a prismatic halo. *Below* is an aerial picture of the Central American jungle at Coba, taken from a low-flying machine

IN THE MOORISH STYLE: A house in Cuzco known as El Almirante. Although remote from its land of origin, it blends with the Inca buildings

From the PERU *to the* PERU *of the* IN SOUTH AMER

The Concluding Article of the Short Latin Continent Deals with the Most graphically,

By ROSITA

Cuzco is a confessional of the centuries. What torments and what horrors have been enacted within its narrow streets, planned after the model of the Inca towns, each street a condor's feather, the head the fortress of Sachsahuaman! The victim of the drama has generally been the Indian. Slaves to the gold lust of the Incas, they staggered beneath the weight of ingots 500 years ago as to-day you see them Atlas-wise with shoulders bent beneath a cabinet or a wheelbarrow.

The Indian puts everything on his back and remains unmoved. He has been made into a Christian —of sorts. The threats and the promises of the Jesuits drove him from the temple of the Sun-God to the Cathedral. There, with his plug of coca deforming his cheek, and his expression one of abysmal detachment, he prostrates himself before the Black Christ. Outside the violently decorated rococo building, set upon a platform, a policeman attempts to withstrain the curiosity of llamas who would enquire into their masters' devotions. In the Middle Ages, the ancestors of these beasts to whom comfort, warmth, and plenty appeal as little as they do to the Andine Indians, led the processions of the Sun as the emblems of the people's sins.

Blood ran in the Place of Arms. According to Cieza de Leon, this arcaded square, surrounded by golden chains and sacred to the White Company, was the scene of sacrifice and festival. When a son of the Creator died, the High Priest used to stand facing the Sun with a bowl of fermenting maize held out towards the deity. A procession carrying golden idols and shrivelled ancestral monks' mummies marched round the square, followed by monks, who were also eunuchs, and dancers in silver masks, by astronomers with their mystical appliances, by flagellants and boys whose ears had recently been pierced to show they had reached the age when they might kill the enemies of the Inca, or be themselves killed upon the sacrificial stone.

High above the town, dominating the Temple of the Sun, which is now the Monastery of Santo Domingo, commanding the whole of the narrow valley in which the secrets of Church and State are buried with the intrigues of Inca and Jesuit, of Conquistador and Colonist and the Third International, is the great fortress of Sachsahuaman. Its three parallel terraces are heaped savagely upon a hill and each wall is a miracle. For men, who had no tools but pieces of moistened wood, rock dust, and herbal acid, have so wrought and set the stones that a razor blade could not pass between them. It is a jugglery with monoliths, which neither time nor weather, earthquakes nor war, nor the fanaticism of priest-ridden conquerors intent on destruction have been able to move. The outer wall offers a series of spur-like salients from which the attacker could be enfiladed, and the whole massive construction, impervious to any weapon which the Middle Ages could bring against it, resembles an eagle crouched above the town.

In the days when the Inca ruler turned to meet Pizarro and forced him into Cuzco, the population of the sacred city is said to have amounted to 200,000. And Ollantaytambo, whose mighty walls, girding a flank of the Andes, remain as an example of Inca military architecture, was another thriving town. It was there that the Inca retired still fighting the indomitable Spaniard. Farther up the valley, which narrows to a cleft between gigantic rock cones, several thousand feet high, is Macchu Picchu, last stronghold of the Incas. The same wizardry has set together, as if they were superlatively cemented blocks of stone so vast, so smooth, so hard, so exactly dovetailed by re-entrant angles that they suggest an effect of joinery rather than masonry. According to local legend it was from this High Place that rebel warriors were allowed—or forced—to throw themselves to meet the Rising Sun. But another story has it that the low, incredibly massive building set upon a narrow ridge, the apex of the world, heaven-high, with sky and space for boundaries, was the palace of the Inca's women. If so, the ladies were poorly housed compared with the priests of the Sun.

According to the Dominicans, who established themselves with sword and spur on the ruins of the Incan Holy of Holies, the Temple was the heart of sixteenth century Cuzco and of an Empire which spread from Lake Titicaca—where legend recounts that the first Incas, brother and sister, were born at sunrise from the waters—to the borders of Ecuador and Brazil. It covered sufficient space to house a modern garden suburb, and contained four main buildings veneered with gold and silver after the manner of Solomon's Temple, and surrounded by prisons, courts, and houses for the victims whose hearts were torn out when the first divine rays touched the stone on which they were bound. It is still possible to see the robing-chamber of the Sun, where the god faced the open door, through which he was daily saluted by the rays of his own emblem shining across plaques of gold, between attendant statues of the same metal. But nothing remains of the Temple of the Moon except a few dovetailed stone niches, in one of which must have stood the idol "made from tears shed by the Sun."

In place of the agony and the terror, the cries, the blood, and the gleam of naked weapons which must have attended the slaughters of Atahualpa or Pizarro, there is to-day a spurious peace in Cuzco. The lovely, slender arcades are steeped in pale sunshine. The roofs are littered with old tiles, so that they look like crumpled velvet. Archways lead into a succession of courts, each one more remote from modernity than its predecessors. The eucalyptus quiver like finely tempered steel. In the evening it looks as if the town were surrounded with the faint grey-blue of spears. Only in the churches is there a hint of the old violence.

The Black Christ is a melodramatic figure liberally bespattered with gore. Blood pours from the crown of (golden) thorns, and spurts fountain-like from the (diamond) nails which pierce hands and feet. It drips from an inordinate number of wounds evenly distributed over the body and it must suggest to the kneeling Indian, in conjunction with all the pictures of minor torment, such as Saint Somebody being flayed alive, or Saint Another being boiled in oil, that Christianity is as savage as the Sun cult or the general bloodletting suggested by Communism! Up to a certain point the Indian will always be led. He has been led by dynasties of whom we know nothing, but the relics of whose civilization persist in the pre-Inca carvings at Tiahuanaco in Bolivia and the adobe reliefs at Chan Chan in Peru. He followed his Incan rulers towards the Sun and the mines that supplied their gold. He followed the Jesuits with fire and honey on their lips, towards an unknown God who approved of agriculture and clothing. He followed Spanish governors and Prince-Bishops, and rose against them because other leaders, half-castes and freemasons, promised him independence. When he'd had enough of priests, he followed demagogues to whom speech was an emotion and a physical pleasure. The local intellectuals, fruit of a university where the masters are over-ambitious and under-paid, told him he was oppressed—which has always been the truth —so two years ago he followed the Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana which talks a great deal about the Brotherhood of Man (in capitals) and put into practice in the Sierra some of the less conspicuously fraternal ideas of this powerful organization which polled 106,000 votes at the last election. The result was that he was shot down not singly but in hundreds, by an army which did not understand about

RELICS OF THE INCAS: A fortification of superb—almost incredible—workmanship at Macchu Picchu

ANCIENT AND MOD
and an Aymara

of the INCAS *to* COMMUNISTS

ICA TO-DAY.—IV

Series, Describing Life in the Great Dramatic Area Historically, Ethno- and Politically

FORBES

BEFORE THE INCA WALL OF CUZCO: A group of the sullen and, in both senses of the word, "depressed" Peruvian Indians with a llama

the brotherhood of man, and which objected to mutilated corpses where there should be crops!

At the present moment the Indian of the Sierra is superficially quiescent. He is earning 30 cents a day, which equals about 5d., and he spends most of it on buying raw spirit. The labour-tax which, under the last President, Leguia, was responsible for the making and upkeep of much-needed roads, has been suppressed by the present Government, so the Indian is no longer exploited by being made to work double or treble the prescribed period without wages or tools, at the mercy of contractors intent on making fortunes before the next elections. But he is to all intents and purposes a serf without education, health, or understanding. In the Sierra the farms and villages are full of Indian children "adopted" by shrewd Cholo or Peruvian families so that they work without pay or time-limit, until they are too old or worn to be any more use. They are less valuable than beasts of burden because the supply is inexhaustible.

Is it remarkable, therefore, that the Indian is now inclined to follow with a blank, unsmiling face the Communists who promise him land, leisure, and plenty? The last revolution in the Sierra will be the work of half-castes and demagogues, with "tongues of silver" like the Jesuits, with Incan gold in their hands, but it will be directed by the Third International.

A DOORWAY OF ANTIQUITY: The Inca style of architecture revealed in a relic at Tiahuanaco, Bolivia

ERN: A pre-Inca idol Indian at Tiahuanaco

Into the Sierra we followed the Indian, and it was a very uncomfortable process. Some 420 kilometres divide Cuzco from La Mejorada on the railway line to Lima, and nearly every one of those kilometres is more nearly vertical than horizontal. The Sierra is composed of narrow, semi-tropical valleys, high downs, upholstered in slippery "lunar" grass, and passes ranging up to 16,000 ft. It is a shut land where the people are suspicious or sullen. They don't like foreigners, and a "foreigner" is anyone born outside their own particular province. We asked a superior woman, who looked as if she had occasionally experimented with soap, if she was a Peruvian. "Oh, no!" she exclaimed in horror, "I am from Cuzco."

The first ninety kilometres into the Sierra can be done by motor, along one of the Leguia roads, but at Limatambo, amid thickets of broom, civilization disappears. The post-house is a hovel, its walls of still-flowering bloom, its roof a crumbled piece of iron sheeting. While a woman, crouched in the dust among a welter of raw meat, blear-eyed children, pigs, dogs, and saddlery, cooked us a steak, we bargained for horses. This occupied most of the day and when the animals arrived they were without saddlery. It took more hours to produce anything with which to cover their wretchedly sore backs. At last, in the late afternoon, we clattered into the Sierra, with our luggage piled on a mule, attended by three Guardias Civiles who had not been paid for three months and who consequently felt themselves entitled to sleeping-sickness. How those men slept!

We spent the first night at an *hacienda*. Our host was charming and voluble. He regretted intensely that he could not hire us a mule to relieve our over-burdened baggage animal, but all his were "hours away working in the cane." However, in the morning he would arrange everything. We need not worry at all.

Morning came. The Guardia Civil slept. So did our host. He had given orders not to be aroused till noon when we should be safely out of his way. The place was littered with mules. It seemed to me I'd never seen so many in my life.

The bailiff, who was young and less inhospitable than the usual inhabitant of the Sierra, avoided my eye. We both did our best to avoid falling over the mules that were so "many hours distant in the sugar-cane." We talked of the Aprista* movement and the young man spoke with the unction of Brutus and the tongue of Cicero about the needs of oppressed humanity.

At that moment in Trujillo, oppressed humanity was rising under the A.P.R.A. banner and Barreto, the Communist, a man hunted for four murders, was riding into the town over bodies which the vultures had not yet picked clean. But I did not know this until the end of our journey brought us into the zone of martial law.

The second day in the Sierra was spent clambering up and down ridges steep enough to discourage the most goat-blooded. Indians passed with their caravans of donkeys. One was laden with cages of green parrots. A number of the birds sat upon the head and quarters of their transport. They all looked very wise and superior.

We spent the night in a sort of loft which was supposed to be an inn. Fortunately there was no light, so we could not see what we ate. It tasted like leather soaked in tallow. A vast, dead condor hung on the wall. A dead horse lay outside.

Next morning it took longer than usual to wake the Guardia Civil. After three unsuccessful efforts, one of them condescended to stagger, unshaved and unwashed, to the prison from which he released a couple of Indians to drive the new mules. We rode over more ridges, interspersed with high grass land where cattle were pastured, and eventually we came to our desired village. There were subsequent moments when we thought we should never leave it.

The Prefect had been asked to help us to get transport. Consequently he promised to lend us the Guardia Civil horses and to have mules and muleteers ready at six the next morning. This promise in all its glory was sufficient, he felt. There was no need to carry it out. He detested foreigners. He was worried about the Trujillo revolution. He felt he ought to make money out of us somehow, but in view of the recommendations we brought, he did not see how he could safely do it. Then he had a brilliant idea. He "lost" the letter we had brought from the exceedingly active and capable military Prefect of Cuzco, and said he had never received it. After this he disappeared, which was something of a feat in a village this size, but not before he had arranged his percentage with Shylock, the owner of the only horseflesh capable of doing the next 150 miles in five days.

The day of our start was a weary one. We should have left at 6 or 7 a.m., but first there were no mules and then no man to drive them. There were no nets for luggage, no ropes, or bridles, or food. We paid and paid and paid. In Peru, if the international danger is football because it rouses so much patriotism, the national sport is extracting money from the "foreigner." The Sierrans are first-class at it. They trust no one, least of all themselves. All our men asked for, and received, payment for five days' food in advance—and then started out without a farthing or any provisions! They hoped the "foreigner" would not let them starve. "But a man's word means nothing here," said the fat servant whom we called Sancho Panza, and he sounded surprised. "Time means nothing either. There are no hours and no promises in the Sierra. You must forget about both." We did.

We started from the village at 5 p.m. and climbed crazily for six hours up a 14,000-ft. pass. There was a slip of a moon until about 7.30 p.m. when it retired behind a crest. I could see nothing but the white rump of the horse in front, and the track was 2 ft. wide. It lost itself in thorn forests and dipped

(Continued on p. 558)

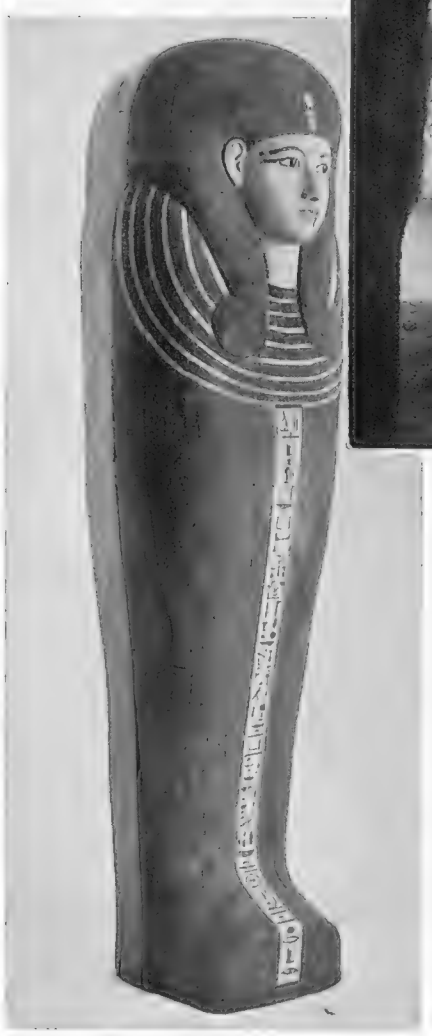
* Aprista or A.P.R.A.—Popular Alliance of Revolutionary America.

A QUEEN of THEBES

THE CURIOUS PUNCTURED HEADDRESS of Queen Meryet-Amūn found in her tomb at Thebes by the Egyptian Expedition of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and here seen in profile

THE HEAD OF THE OUTER COFFIN of Queen Meryet-Amūn of the XVIII Dynasty

THE MUMMY lying in the inner coffin garlanded with flowers still so fresh, though laid in 1049 B.C., that they retained their hues



THE INNER COFFIN which had been lavishly decorated but was found to have been pillaged by tomb-robbers

THE COFFIN IN THE CRYPT of the tomb at Thebes

Who was Queen Meryet-Amūn, of the Eighteenth Dynasty, Egypt, and how did she appear when she ruled the ancient Egyptians? In a recent book written on this subject and entitled *The Tomb of Queen Meryet-Amūn at Thebes*, by Herbert E. Winlock, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and Director of the Egyptian Expedition of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and in notes in the Museum's Bulletins some interesting sidelights are thrown on this distinguished ruler of the Egyptians.

In conclusions based on data found in Egypt by the expedition it is believed that Queen Meryet-Amūn was the daughter of King Thut-Mosis (Thothmes) III, and at the very end of his reign she had been the ranking Princess of his family, taking precedence after the King's Great Wife, Meryet-Re.

Before her father's death, she had already been married to her brother, Amen-Hotep, who was to be her father's successor. It was a fiction of the time, according to Mr. Winlock, that the God Ammon was the father of each successive Pharaoh, and since it was expected that Meryet-Amūn would be the mother of Amen-Hotep's heir, she was married to Amūn and called the "God's wife" from the time of her marriage to the future king.

"In due course Meryet-Amūn's mortal brother-husband became Amen-Hotep II, and Meryet-Amūn the King's Great Wife and Mistress of the Two Lands. The more prized title of 'King's Mother' was never hers, however, and in a very few years Meryet-Amūn passed away and was buried in the tomb prepared for her at Deir el Bahri."

In his elaborate work, *Tomb of Queen Meryet-Amūn at Thebes*, Mr. Winlock says:

"Meryet-Amūn lived and was buried in the Eighteenth Dynasty. The manner in which she was embalmed, her coffins, and her pottery, all are typical of the period. Furthermore, in view of her physical features her titles of 'King's Daughter' and 'King's Sister' must be taken in an absolutely literal sense.

"She was a typical member of the Eighteenth Dynasty's Royal Family, with all its characteristics.

"She was a little woman, according to our standards, but almost up to the average height of the women of her own family.

"Her head was large and well formed; her forehead was broad, straight, and intelligent looking; her face was wide across the cheeks, with a high-bridged, well-modelled nose, and a slender, pointed little chin. Her ears, if they had ever been pierced, were not distorted by the weight of enormous earrings as was the case with so many Egyptian women. Her hair was wavy-brown without a trace of grey."

Such is the pen picture that Mr. Winlock gives of this Egyptian Queen, Meryet-Amūn, who ruled her people in the Eighteenth Dynasty *circa* B.C. 1049.

It is estimated that she was about fifty years of age at the time of her death.

C. H. D.

FILMS of the MOMENT

MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE: Mr. Douglas Fairbanks and Miss Maria Alba in the New Year film at the Plaza. The modern Crusoe improvises a radio set

THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS: Miss Nancy Brown in the film version of the popular musical comedy which will ever be associated with the name of Miss José Collins, whose recent autobiography bears the name. The screen version is running at the Regal Cinema

THE GIRL FROM MAXIM'S: Mr. Leslie Henson in vociferous mood, with Miss Frances Day in the London Film Productions of the early Edwardian play

THE GIRL FROM MAXIM'S: Miss Frances Day, Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. Stanley Holloway, Mr. Leslie Henson, and Lady Tree in an *ensemble* from the screen version of the success at the Apollo in 1902—the latest production of the enterprizing British firm, London Film Productions

FLESH: Little Jackie Cooper assails his friend, Wallace Beery, after a wrestling scene in the latter's newest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer vehicle. Mr. Beery, for the purposes of the story, throws the wrestler, Wladek Zbyszko, for the world's championship

TROUBLE IN PARADISE: Mr. Herbert Marshall between Miss Miriam Hopkins *(left)* and Miss Kay Francis, a picture specially posed for the camera-man of the new Ernst Lubitsch vehicle presented by Paramount

"CHILDREN OF THE RITZ": One of the striking black and white effects in "Words and Music," at the Adelphi Theatre. Miss Joyce Barbour in black leads these elegant children in long white owns and gleaming jewels

PLAYS

is for them only one keener joy than to watch crockery, toy-balloons, etc., being smashed, and that is to smash these articles themselves.

The above would form a fairly safe guide to a child's knowledge of the theatre. Yet there is a snag. For in the monster pantomime the most recondite allusions on the part of the comedians, allusions which at this time of the year it is usual to term ultramarine blue, are taken up by the children with the speed of an electric contact.

It is partly a matter of social difference rather than distinction. But a visit to any "Aladdin the Sailor," "Sinbad and his Wonderful Lamp," or "Cinderella and the Forty Thieves" (for to be more explicit might result in correspondence) will show that long before stalls parents have seen the point, or have dared to see it, of that hardly printable jest, shrill screams will come from imps in the upper regions. The Proletariat learns speedily. It has to.

But as I write I have not yet seen a pantomime. The children's plays keep one in a fairly indulgent humour for a couple of days. Then, on a sudden, infantile struggles with adenoids and gentility

On left—THE MIDNIGHT MATINEE: Mr. Romney Brent as the announcer and Miss Ivy St. Helier as the organizer of the scathingly satirical sketch of a charity performance

"THE PARTY'S OVER NOW": Miss Steffi Duna, the talented ballerina, who has the gifts of Thespis in addition to those of Terpsichore, in the finale of the Cochran-Noel Coward production at the Adelphi

A gay round of children's plays left in me a desire to take a 'busman's holiday in search of the non-whimsical. Not all children's plays are whimsical; but they are founded on whimsical models with the domestic-pathos stop pulled out occasionally to reveal a Mummy and a Daddy in search of their lost children. I need not tell you what Master of the Whimsey-Whamsey first led us up *that* little path.

Now it is not any easier to know what children like in a theatre than it is to know what adults like. I would have said that children did not like Imperialism with a biggish "I" were it not for the fact that *Where the Rainbow Ends* has celebrated its twenty-first birthday.

I would have said that too much dancing would bore them stiff, or to whatever physical condition small children are reduced when they are bored. Yet some of the most successful children's plays are crammed full of dancing, and precious poor dancing at that.

I do know that children love to see on the stage humans as animals, that they utter, being savage little beasts for the most part, squalls of delight when some one is going to get a biff over the head *and doesn't know it*, the assailant creeping up from behind. There is no safer card to play than this.

They also share with grown-ups the pleasure of witnessing another's public distress, the slipping on imaginary orange peel. Above all, there

THE YOUNGER GENERATION "Knock, knock, knocking at the door." Miss Phyllis Dare as the mother says good-night to her three daughters, Miss Phyllis Harding, Miss Betty Hare, and Miss Moya Nugent, in a lovely setting of silver-grey

With Special Pictures of "Words and Music" at the Adelphi

By PHILIP PAGE

LET'S SAY GOOD-BYE: Miss Phyllis Dare as Gina tells Mr. Edward Underdown as Paul, that it is time to part—a sentimental note in a satiric symphony

send even the kindliest critic semi-*berserk*.

They would have sent me wholly *berserk* had I not decided that it would be more comfortable to let these wobbly-kneed little girls and those nice clean little boys (whose gestures just don't fit their nasty little voices) send me to *Words and Music* instead.

For exhaustion after the infantile whimsical there is no better cure than a dose of Noel Coward. Perhaps one reason is that Noel has been in that business himself.

Old programmes and young publicity agents inform me that whereas now, in musical moments, he would not be averse from being referred to as *maestro*, there was a time, some twenty years ago, when he was a Master in the Conti and not the classical sense. So he knows so well what not to do.

At least two scenes in *Words and Music*, which I revisited with great joy, are concerned with "children." But not, by the non-existent beard of the Prophet Cochran (the great, the wonderful, to whom be all honour, to whom, etc., etc.), with stage-children at Christmas-time. They are the super-sophisticated, who conceal cocktail-bars in the nursery rocking-horse. They also serve for Noel's long-standing rocking-horse, or stalking-horse—the poor little rich kids, in this case the "Children of the Ritz."

These are episodes which I like least in all this brilliant revue, for I think the author has worn them thin and that they were always too far removed from truth.

Where Noel Coward gets into his stride in *Words and Music*, and strides over new ground, too, is in his burlesque of happenings in Far East officialdom.

How many of the old writers of revues and burlesques travelled farther abroad than occasionally to Paris, or possibly to America, where they probably spent most of their time in or near theatres, talking shop with folk of their own kidney? Precious few.

Noel takes his profitable holidays on steamers, which go to all parts of the world—and they are not, wise man that he is, fashionable liners, either. He is funniest in private about a certain sojourn in a place where "the sun never sets on Government House," but he is as funny as he dare be in public with this incomparable scene.

Miss Ivy St. Helier, brisk and enormously competent, puts in good work here, and in all she does. Miss Phyllis Dare is graceful and gracious; she has a sort of princess-like dignity nowadays and is rightly seeking fresh worlds to conquer or fresh bazaars to open.

The greatest praise I can give to the burlesque midnight matinée is that one of those insufferable women, whose boredom at committee meetings and anxiety over their dressmakers' bills are more than rewarded by a photograph of themselves in *The Tatler* or *Sketch*, remarked to me that the whole scene is in "rotten bad taste."

The value of almost any revue scene can be judged as much by the silly people it annoys as by the laughter it causes.

I like *Mad About the Boy*, but there is much too much of it.

But beyond question, *Words and Music*, though its words are better than its music, is a brilliant and thoroughly enjoyable and amusing show, worth not merely a second visit, but a third or fourth.

For an entertainment such as *Buckie's Bears*, which takes place every afternoon, except Sundays, near the Irving statue, the children in the audience are the most trustworthy critics.

The little play has nothing to do with Mr. Buchanan Taylor, and it concerns not lions but, as you might guess, bears. Sam and Barbara, the Polar bears from the Zoo, display all the taxidermist's art in the vestibule, and they are realistic enough to frighten any normal child away from the box-office. On the stage they are less realistic, but are cleverly portrayed by Miss Patricia McNabb and Mr. Reginald Beckwith, the latter being almost as funny as Mr. Billy Leonard was inside a bearskin some years ago at the Gaiety.

Of course one has the touch of sentiment, in this case borrowed from Barrie, who, to tell the truth, did the job considerably better in *Peter Pan*. However, the father and mother breaking their hearts over the thought of losing their children for ever furnished a touching episode. All that had happened was that the kiddies had become fairies—not an unusual or unprecedented occurrence even in 1932.

I am glad to hear that Miss Constance Bennett is busy on a fresh film and that that film is a version of Somerset Maugham's *Our Betters*. In the part made famous on the stage by Miss Margaret Bannerman she should be admirable.

Special "Sphere" pictures

THE FINALE: Miss Doris Hare and Mr. John Mills in the foreground, form one of a festive group in the wittily entitled song, "The Party's Over Now"—the "party" being applicable as well to the audiences as to the players' entertainment at the Adelphi

MR. DOUGLAS BYNG, whose witty, *risqué* songs have been published under the title of *Byng Ballads*

BOOKS:

A Night Club Muse : The Tribute of Letters to Mr. J. C. Squire : A Highbrow Anthology : Churchill on Marlborough

By CECIL ROBERTS

It is the growing practice of authors these days, when they wish to advertise the advent of their books, to invite the world and his wife to a cocktail party. The publisher is generally forced to connive at this undignified scene of advertisement. He spends much of his time looking slightly apologetic, and tries to avoid the copies of the new work freely displayed around the room. I dislike intensely the idea that every author should be his own commercial traveller, and take much care to avoid the trap. But when I received an invitation for a cocktail party to be given by Mr. Douglas Byng, in order to celebrate the publication of *Byng Ballads* (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), I felt that here, at last, was an author who was justified in baptising his offspring at an alcoholic festival.

Mr. Byng's muse can only flourish towards midnight; it is the muse of the night club and the cocktail party. It is a muse, therefore, of somewhat licentious lines and *risqué* subjects. Its appeal is restricted. All this condoned, one encounters a neat wit and an inimitable artist. Ballads are made to be sung, and these *Byng Ballads* suffer severely by being divorced from the author's own interpretation, which is unique. But there will be many who, having heard Mr. Byng frequently and with enthusiasm, will be glad to have a collection of his ballads.

I was once driven from London to Manchester by a friend who knew by heart the whole of Mr. Byng's repertoire. I shall send him this book, not as a reproof to his memory, but as I would send Gilbert's libretto to a true Savoyard, as a typographical confirmation of the pleasures of memory. There are twelve ballads in this delicate, indelicate book, all delightfully illustrated by Mr. Clarke Hutton, who is a disciple of the crude, as opposed to the nude, school of modern art. He is equally happy with *Millie, a messy old mermaid; Sex-appeal Sarah;* or *Lulu from Peru.*

It is a little unfair to quote Mr. Byng. His verse is so wedded to its music and his own personal interpretation, that only Byng boys can recapture the full flavour. At the *Monseigneur*, where Mr. Byng gave a party to celebrate his appearance as author, and thereby accepted full responsibility for these ballads, we heard once again the songs that have crowned the entertainment of the Bright Young People. Though neither so young nor bright, I have not escaped the lure of *Millie the Mermaid*—

> If all the fish the seas provide
> Were placed together side by side,
> With wreckage washed up by the tide,
> You'd get a sketch of me.
> Down in the depths where monsters leap,
> Where giant crabs their vigil keep,
> And rotting corpses come to sleep,
> I take my morning tea.

I fear I can never walk the galleries of Florence, with Mr. Byng's naughty muse poking mischief at a supreme painter, without recalling that—

> In the boudoir Auntie Nellie's
> Dusting down her Botticelli,

and no poet of Spring will escape the ridicule of—

> Come out, come out, and shout about
> For spring is in the air;
> The daffodills and whippoorwills
> Are mating everywhere;
> The servant girls in Woolworth pearls
> Are straying near the cops,
> Old Windsor Park's just full of larks,
> And Eton's full of spots.

We hear little these days of the poet's licence. There is evidence of it in this book. But Mr. Byng without his licence would not be Mr. Byng, and for myself I find his bold attack on the nerves of Mrs. Grundy highly preferable in its honesty and frankness to the obscene subtleties of some of our "advanced" novelists.

It is the season of parties. From the *Monseigneur* I went to Dorchester House. This was a serious affair. Five hundred people in full dress and decorations assembled at a dinner given in honour of Mr. J. C. Squire.

It was a remarkable gathering of the intelligentsia. The Lord Mayor's Banquet and the Royal Academy Banquet are impressive with dignitaries and titles, but the gathering that acclaimed Mr. J. C. Squire was remarkable in a manner in which those other banquets are never remarkable. At the Squire assembly everyone had paid for his own dinner, and several hundred notabilities had sunk their notability in their desire to honour a mere man of letters.

There were three Mr. Squires in the minds of the guests. There was Mr. Squire, the editor of *The Mercury*, Mr. Squire the poet and critic, and Mr. Squire the friend. I was there to pay tribute to none of these, but I was glad to be one of a host gathered to toast a man who through severe trials had followed and honoured the profession of letters. This dinner was something much more than a gathering of what has been termed "the Squirearchy." It was a vindication of the power of the pen, wielded in no popular cause or for facile entertainment, to command the respect of men and women of varied professions and schools of thought.

It was fitting that G. K. Chesterton, who has never bartered an opinion or written a word without conviction, should be in the chair. The literary world is torn with jealousies and the intrigues of cliques. Here was a heartening demonstration of unity in the face of simple merit.

Something has happened, not unconnected with the readers of this page. For the last three years, during the summer months, a little old lady, wrapped in a shawl, walked slowly down the lane that skirts the bottom of my garden. She was very old and she moved at a snail's pace. I never spoke to her, but it was her habit to halt for a few moments, as if in contemplation, when she drew near to the sun-bathing platform by my poplar trees, where so often I have written this article.

She would stop and listen for a time to the clatter of my typewriter, and then resume her morning walk down the lane, and turn into the cottage where she lived with her husband, an old man so ancient that he spent his days sitting in a chair by the door. Neither of them had ever been to London, thirty-seven miles distant; though they were within sound of the traffic passing down the main highway.

Last week the old gardener died. Five days later the old lady followed him. They have both made their final journey to the cemetery on the other side of the highway. Neither the traffic nor my typewriter will touch their ears again. The old lady in the lane often called to mind some verses by Fay Inchfawn, from *The Verse Book of a Garden* (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.), who wrote that delightful book of verse, *Will You Come As Well?*

> When my back is too old to bend;
> When my knees are too old to kneel;
> When my hands are too old to tend,
> And fingers far too old to feel;
> When my ears will not hear again
> Leaves moving, nor the sound of rain;
> When my eyes are too old to see
> The apple orchards' ecstasy,
> O Memory! Stay young with me!

The *Week-End Calendar* (Bles, 6s.) is an anthology of extracts from the *Week-End Review*, designed to provide reading for each week of the year. As the allocation is only some four pages each week it is not intended to tax the time of the reader, but one of the items may occupy the whole of the week, if taken seriously. I allude to those terribly intellectual problems indulged in by the learned readers of the *Week-End Review*.

The best brains in England are invited to set problems that require an encyclopedic mind and a poetic gift that Shelley would acclaim. I am told that, in their more serious moments, the Dons of our Universities wrestle with these problems, and no academic distinction can vie with an "honourable mention."

Can you, for instance, win the prize for "the best Epithalamion (chaste) on the nuptials (fifth) of Miss Gloy, of Hollywood? Her new husband is a Dirt Track Ace," or write a poem, describing the process, based on the allegation of Fitzgerald that the nightingale cries "Wine, wine, wine" to incarnadine the yellow cheek of the rose?

I think I know now why readers of the *Week-End Review* are slightly pale. It comes of a life of effort. This is an excellent anthology. Some of the best writers of the day are here at their best.

Looking across the tables at Dorchester House I saw a pale young man, pale as he should be, for I was told he was Mr. Gerald Barry, the editor of the *Week-End Review*. The manner in which, in defence of the independence of journalism, he left an editorial chair, walked out into the wilderness, borrowed the office of the *London Mercury*, and in ten days produced the *Week-End Review*, gathering about him a brilliant list of contributors, is one of the romances, and warnings, of modern journalism. Readers of the *Week-End Calendar* will find there is nothing wrong with contemporary letters, and that if decadence has touched us it is not in the field of intellectual entertainment.

This is the season when publishers pause, and reviewers go over their shelves to see if they have missed anything worthy of mention. I suppose we shall never get out of the habit of Spring and Autumn publication. It is a pity. There is such a rush of books at these times that many really excellent works are crowded out or receive quite unworthy notice. For the next month there will be a trickle of unimportant books, while the booksellers recover from Christmas indigestion, and then in February the avalanche will begin to move again.

Hard times have not hit the publishers' trade to any extent, but in one sphere there is considerable curtailment. The de-luxe edition which usually makes its appearance at this season has almost disappeared. I do not regret it. It was always a piece of gross extravagance. I do not want a fat volume of Smollett or Richardson, or any other unread classic, exotically bound and erotically illustrated. It neither fits my shelves, my purse nor my taste. I have seen the recipients of such works groan in despair.

Biography is likely to be a strong feature of the Spring publications. Foremost in this class will be the life of F. E. Smith, which is now being written by his son, Lord Birkenhead, and the *Life of the Duke of Marlborough* from the pen of Mr. Winston Churchill. I expect this will be the definitive life of the adventurous Duke, and Mr. Churchill is leaving no stone unturned.

It is, by the way, somewhat ridiculous to be told that Mr. Churchill is writing the life of his ancestor. The Duke had no male issue, and the title passed to the second son of the second daughter. The percentage of Marlborough blood is negligible, and even the name Churchill had to be assumed. It is ludicrous, therefore, to ascribe to Mr. Churchill, despite his career, the qualities of the great Duke. Mr. Churchill by birth is 50 per cent. American, and it is to this infusion that we are probably indebted for one of the most enterprising and versatile figures of the age.

A genealogist startled me the other day by stating that if the House of Lords survives another twenty years, two-thirds of it will be half-American by birth, and three-quarters of it will possess American blood! When I challenged this startling statement my friend was so ingenious that I retired defeated. It sounds wrong, but genealogy is such a labyrinthine thing that many people are quite convinced that they are descendants of the House of David.

MRS. MARJORIE JEANS, the wife of Mr. Ronald Jeans the dramatist, whose first novel, *The Split Face*, was published this autumn by John Heritage

MISS EVELYN PEMBER, whose book, *Living One's Life*, was published in the last quarter of the current year by the firm of Collins

more news from mid-season collections

Mainbocher showed the ensemble in black and white crêpe cloque. The gown is of black appliquée with the print, and the jacket is lined with black and has a large black bow on the left shoulder. The gown from Worth (right) is of beige wool with original gold buckle and buttons, worn with a castor muff.

EXTRA!

"SCOOP,"

DATA ABOUT RIGHT ANGLES

There was an old joke which had as its point the fact that a woman, in the gravest emergency or moments of emotion, invariably asked if her hat were on straight. Nowadays, when every beret has its own bias and every turban an exclusive tilt, the joke, as a joke, no longer applies. But it had a profound psychological basis. One of a woman's first considerations still is whether her hat is *right*, at whatever angle it be fashionable to wear it.

Reading from left to right we show (second and fifth on page 555) new hats from Swan and Edgar's excellent millinery department—famed not only for smartness, but for value at a reasonable price. New models from Paris include (fourth on page 554) a green felt with upturned brim trimmed with velvet bow. Felt and velvet predominate: satin also runs.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY ONCE MORE: This year the King's scholars of the famous Westminster School have given the Latin play, *Anaria*, by Terence.

THE LATIN PLAY AT WESTMINSTER: Enacted again in the old dormitory building with its inserted walls. Here *on left* is seen J. O. H. Powell-Jones in the part of Canthara, the nurse

A DREAM-HOUSE FOR CHILDREN: At the famous toy-shop in Regent Street children have been able to enter delicious little rooms, all built to their own scale

A GARGANTUAN VISITOR: So cleverly scaled down is all the furniture in the children's house at Hamley's that when an adult face appears at a window it looks colossal

BETHLEHEM IN THE WEBBER-DOUGLAS THEATRE IN KENSINGTON. To lovers of Rutland Boughton's music, the presentation of *Bethlehem* at Christmas-time is a matter of pure joy. *On the left* is Mary (Miss Elizabeth Gibson) with Gabriel (Miss Gillian Hume), and *on the right* are the three shepherds (Messrs. Basil Parsons, Ralph Labdon, and Fergus Dunlop). The production was exceedingly well done

LADY CECIL DOUGLAS is very interested in the forthcoming New Year Eve Ball at the Dorchester in aid of the Margaret Street Preventorium

THE MONTMARTRE ICE BALLET AT STREATHAM: An admirably conceived ballet on the ice—the first of its kind in London—was produced at Streatham a few days ago with great success. The café scenery was erected at one end of the big rink. All the participants were drawn from the local staff

CHRISTMAS Week in London

The Westminster Play

By a Proud Mother

First impressions? very interesting in themselves, but it is generally accepted that they have to be modified. It is so with the Latin Play at Westminster.

That first time one is dazed by so much—the beauty of the surroundings, the consciousness that one is playing one's part, even though it is only the always humble part of parent—in the continuity of history. But such is human nature that after several plays one can take the arm of an exquisite, gowned, white-gloved King's Scholar with scarcely a tremor and walk into the old Monks' Dormitory with the assurance of an old hand, even looking around at the "boxes" of the scholars and the ancient carvings on the walls. You don't know what the "boxes" are? Ah, then you cannot have been to even one Westminster Play, and I must enlighten you (oh, so proudly) that they are the cubicles in the old dormitory where the forty resident scholars sleep.

But after several years' attendance certain problems remain unsolved. Why one is shown into the particular seat, the scholar who is doing usher that year (his gloves are marvellously white) decides, but the great point is that you have been given one and are endeavouring to pack your knees in as small a space as possible.

A flash of scarlet and black—we stand—the Headmaster takes his seat (the only armchair), up goes the curtain—Athens, no doubt at all, unless your geography is as faulty as your languages—a Greek play this year—Oh no, of course it is always Latin, what a terrible mistake—a good job I am not being chatty with someone important.

Here they all are again—the two ingenuous youths, one in red and one in blue—you can always tell the sons of the "haute noblesse" because they have bridge table covers rather nicely arranged on their shoulders fastened with a big brooch.

"Hi jam pro nostra pater" as always, they know all their parts marvellously—have all scholars such good memories as those at Westminster?

Two more old friends, the fathers, quarrelling, of course.

"Mihi nunc potam suam
Plotea jam pluvia quam."—

Another unsolved problem presents itself—why are the bearded ones always such confident actors? Is it the wearing of the beard, or are the best actors given beards as a reward or mark of distinction? The clear air and bright sun of Athens (or Rome) furrows the brow, whitens the hair, but, curiously enough, leaves the arms and hands fair and unwrinkled.

"Jam plautum quidnuncus mihi
Musique volitare cirus . . ."

The two brown-garbed slaves have dashed into the fray (there are always two of each kind of actor). What hard-worked words "jam" and "mihi" are—if only one were not too old to confess to such gross ignorance, one might find out so much that would elucidate the plot.

The interval — the Headmaster stands up and inspects this year's brew of parents—one shrinks a little in the small space that has been allotted one, and brightly agrees with one's neighbour that the acting as usual—and it is always true—is quite excellent.

The interval cannot have been in the middle, for the second half goes very rapidly. They are making up the quarrel; the two maidens must have pleased the fathers, for everyone seems to be blessing everyone.

By ELECTRIC to BRIGHTON

On November 15 the Prince of Wales inspected the central control tower at Three Bridges of the new electric line to Brighton which was opened yesterday by the Lord Mayor.

The whole of the track has now become electrified, the rolling stock nearing completion, and daily trials are constantly taking place. In this connection the writer has recently had the opportunity of making a trial trip in one of these all-electric trains *de luxe*, when it was found that nothing had been spared in their construction to make the journey an ideal one for the passenger.

Space will not permit the writer to comment on all the interesting characteristics to be found on this new electrified service. It is, therefore, proposed to make reference to such points as should appeal to the general public.

There will be two distinct types of Pullman trains in operation—the "Southern Belle" unit, consisting of five coaches, and the "City Limited" unit (which will be mainly for the use of the business man), consisting of six coaches, each unit containing one Pullman car.

The company propose to run every hour two non-stop trains, two fast trains stopping at principal stations, and two trains stopping at all stations.

In slack periods of the day these electric trains will be made up of six coaches, whilst twelve coaches will operate during the rush hours.

The question of fares has been given every consideration, and throughout the year there will be a service of cheap trips, including the ordinary excursions—in fact the whole section, having now become electrified (no steam trains running over the Brighton route after January 1 next), existing fares now operating will continue as before.

In taking a brief survey throughout the various compartments on these trains, which are all of the corridor type, one is impressed with the attractive panel designs which have been introduced into the coaches—beautifully varnished pictures worked in wood appear in the panels throughout the coaches in various colour designs.

The driver's cab is quite a compact arrangement, containing simple mechanism for successfully controlling the train, whilst a periscope has been fitted in the guard's compartment by which he is able to constantly view, in a comfortable seat, the whole length of the train.

An interesting development has been made in the construction of certain of the coaches by introducing a small four-seat coupé compartment, which can be reserved for parties of four passengers, and may be termed the "family compartment"—the seats, of the armchair type, can be moved to any position required.

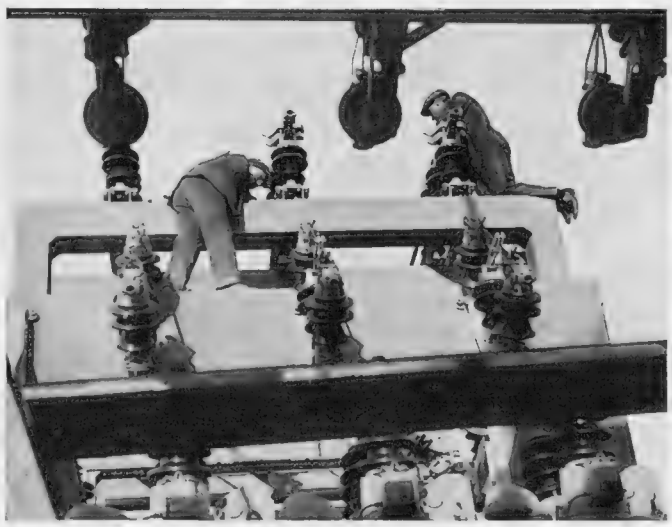
The lighting throughout the train is certainly the "last word" in electrical schemes of train lighting. Apart from mural and central roof lights, individual seats possess an electric light which is operated by switches, so that the passenger may switch "on" or "off" as desired. In the Pullman section small electric push buttons have been fixed into the back of the seats which communicate with the attendant on the train by the flashing of a small red light, this indication being conveyed to the attendant's compartment as to the particular passenger requiring his services.

The ventilation throughout the train is certainly worthy of note. By the system introduced, a constant supply of fresh air is conveyed throughout the train, with outlets for extracting impurities. There is no need to open windows to obtain a fresh supply.

The approximate seating accommodation on the new electric trains is as follows—"Southern Belle" (five-car unit), 40 first-class passengers, 152 third-class passengers. "City Limited" (six-car unit), 92 first-class passengers, 226 third-class passengers.

To conclude, it may here be mentioned that the lighting system on the trains is a separately controlled unit which would not be affected should a breakdown occur in the train service.

THE FIVE-CAR UNIT of the "Southern Belle." Every hour two non-stop, two fast, and two "stopping at all stations" trains are to be run over the new electrified rails

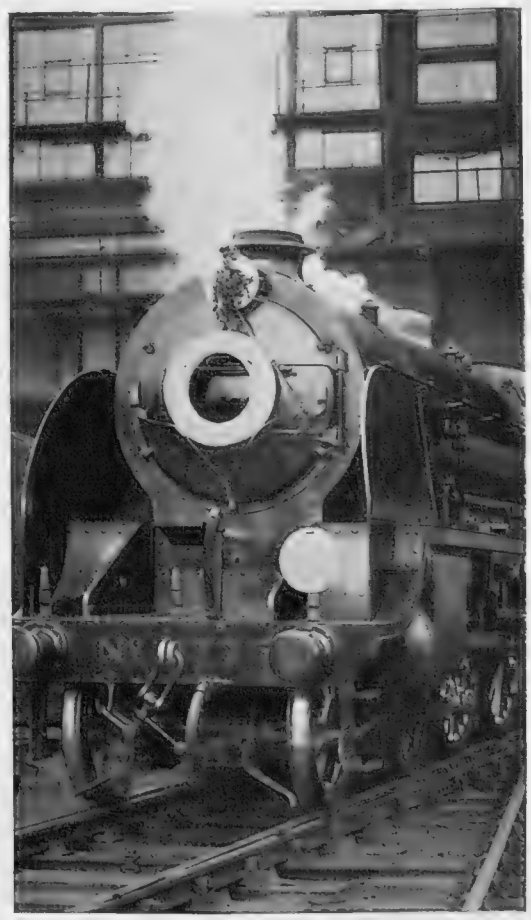


AT THE RED HILL SUB-STATION: The insulators to safeguard the tremendous power carried by the cables of the new electrified line from London to Brighton

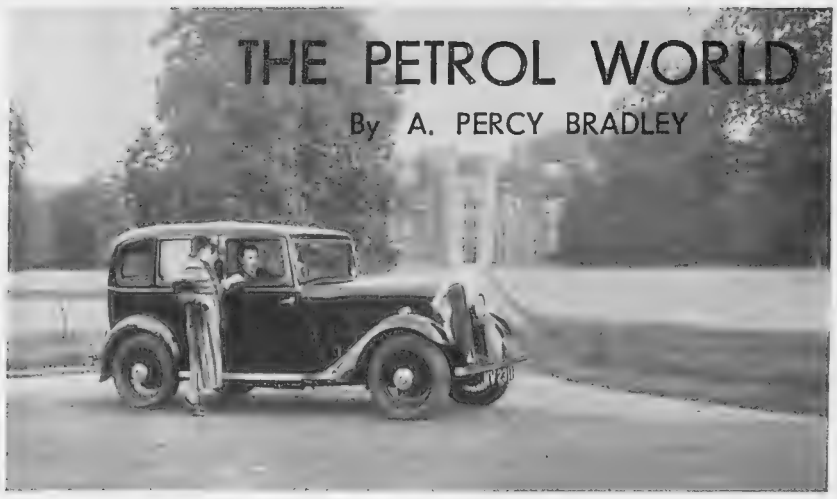
LUXURY is the keynote of the new line. The third-class compartments excel in comfort and opulence of appointment many first-class carriages

ON THE "SOUTHERN BELLE": A first-class car designated "Type A." This particular coach is named "Iris." All the trains are made up of corridor type coaches

A SIX-CAR UNIT known as "The City Limited" which, designed for the use mainly of business men, is composed of one Pullman car and five other coaches



THE CHRISTMAS CRUISING TRAIN. The decorated engine of the *Arandora Star* boat-train leaving with a freight of Madeira-bound tourists



THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

THE CAR UNDER REVIEW: A Rover Pilot "14" Saloon fitted with the 1933 free-wheeling device and the Lucas automatic starter. The free-wheel enables all gears to be changed silently with a minimum use of the clutch

THE ROVER PILOT "14" ON THE ROAD

Although there are many special features on the 1933 Rover Pilot Saloon which are bound to interest the average motorist, I found that my attention was focused on two, namely, the free-wheel and the Lucas automatic starter. Free-wheels are not new on British motor cars. Many years ago I remember driving an A.C. and also a Lea-Francis which were fitted with this device, and in both cases they worked admirably and certainly, as far as I was concerned, the free-wheel giving absolutely no trouble. Until I tried this new Rover I never really liked a free-wheel, not because it was likely to go wrong, nor because I was frightened that the brakes might not be up to the extra work which this device puts on them. My objection was that it interrupted the rhythm of the car if one wished to travel at a constant speed. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that I am driving up the Great North Road and wish to cruise at fifty. Owing to its comparative flatness, I go along and keep my foot on the accelerator until the speedometer needle shows fifty. In actual practice the car will probably go a little faster, and I shall lift my foot from the pedal, the car will then free-wheel until I find the needle getting below the chosen mark, and I shall then race the engine up in order to go faster. In other words, in order to keep at a constant speed of fifty the revs. of the engine are fluctuating constantly, thus breaking up the smooth rhythm of the car's travel.

With this new Rover Pilot this objection does not hold, for two reasons. First of all, the driver can by means of a control on the dash convert the car instantly into an ordinary fixed transmission vehicle, and secondly, the engine on this Rover is so smooth and silky that the occupants of the car can scarcely detect the difference between it idling and when it is pulling at 50 m.p.h.

Another very satisfactory feature with the free-wheel on this Rover is that the car has truly excellent brakes which reassured me so much that even in the thickest London traffic I did not lock the free-wheel. I also found that the Lucas "Startix" was a god-send, for the engine is so quiet that on one or two occasions I found that I had stopped in traffic, but the automatic starting switch restarted it almost before I discovered that the engine was dead.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION of the ROVER PILOT "14" SALOON.

Engine—6-Cylinders.
Bore and Stroke—61 mm. and 90 mm.
Capacity—1577 cc.
Tax—£14 per annum.
Ignition—Coil and Battery.
Clutch—Single Dry Plate.
Gear-box—Four Forward Speeds and Reverse.
Transmission—Open Propeller Shaft, Final Spiral Bevels.
Brakes—Lockheed Hydraulic Type. Hand-brake acts on Rear Wheels independently.
Lighting—12-volt Lucas.
Price—£258 (Saloon).

Manufacturers:
THE ROVER CO., LTD., New Meteor Works, COVENTRY.

Not only does the free-wheel reduce the petrol bill, but it also enables all gears to be changed without the slightest sound, without even using the clutch. Manufacturers who are on the look-out for an easy gear change will, I feel sure, adopt this free-wheel provided they can manufacture it as efficiently as the Rover Company.

I found the car very easy to control and very pleasant to drive. The steering is light and sensitive, and provides a sensible lock. The suspension was quite above the average for a car of this size, and on corners I found that there was no real tendency to roll. As I have mentioned before, the brakes were really good, and they gave me a feeling that I had ample reserve in any emergency which might come along.

As regards the engine this was quiet, smooth running, and yet powerful. I did not carry out any tests for maximum speed because I do not attach any importance at all to any figures which might be thus obtained, but I satisfied myself that this car is really nippy and owing to its convenient size will tread its way through traffic in a satisfying manner. Owing to the fact that the second and third gears are in constant mesh, the driver does not object to using them as they are dead quiet. Changing them is so easy owing to the free-wheel that one is definitely induced to make full use of the gear box provided with very beneficial results as regards acceleration.

The saloon body was comfortable, cosy, and pleasing to the eye so that I am not surprised to know that it obtained first prize in section 4a of the Coachwork Competition at the recent Olympia Show. There are many other interesting features on this car, but space prevents me mentioning them.

ON THE RIVIERA: A superb Cabriolet de Ville body in cream and claret mounted on a 40–50-h.p. Rolls-Royce Phantom II chassis in exquisite surroundings at Cannes

IN SOUTH AMERICA TO-DAY.—IV

From the Peru of the Incas to the Peru of the Communists

By ROSITA FORBES

(*Continued from p.* 547)

into river beds. The ride became a nightmare in which all reality was lost. The darkness of ravines seemed solid and the mountain side a tunnel into which the guide disappeared. By midnight we were so frozen we had to get out of the saddles. At 1.30 we reached a village on the downward slope and woke an innkeeper, for the privilege of sharing with a varied selection of animal life a couple of unclean mattresses.

The next day was better. The mountains flattened a little, though the farthest peaks were arid and dusted with snow. After eleven hours' ride we came to Andahuayles, a village where the inhabitants were only less distrustful than our own followers. Sancho Panza stacked the saddlery and slept on it. A muleteer entangled himself among the horse's legs so that they could only be stolen over his sleeping body. The innkeeper refused to supply forage until it was paid for. Sancho Panza refused to pay for it until he had seen it. The peons wandered around us while we ate, snatching everything they could, even taking the meat from our plates, for fear it should go back to the kitchen.

Next day, accompanied by a new and wide-awake Guardia Civil, we rode over a deserted pass, littered with vast grey boulders. Our guardian was distressed to hear we were not armed. His carbine was ready across the front of his saddle, while he explained the local habits. "We killed twenty-five here last month, so I don't suppose we'll have any trouble to-day," he said. Apparently the inhabitants of this particular mountain are adepts with sling and stone. They attack travellers on the summit of the pass. Hiding behind the rocks, they can kill at a range varying from 25 to 100 yards. "There are no innocent people here," said the Guardia in a gloomy voice. "As soon as a boy can use a sling he is out to rob. The women are as bad as the men." But nothing happened and we spent the night at an *hacienda* which devoted its whole attention to making raw spirit out of sugar cane. It sold this to Indians and half-breeds at great profit, but the sole decoration of the house consisted of huge, highly-coloured posters showing in lurid form the evils of alcoholism. The owner of the farm was in Lima. His place was taken by a half Indian administrador, who promised to sell us maize at twice the normal price. He gave us beds in an outhouse thick with cockroaches. The horrors of inebriety stared at us from cracked mud walls. Insects prepared to feed.

A chicken and forage were to be ready for us at 6 a.m. We left without either, but with deflated pockets at 8 a.m.

Then the Sierra decided to show what it really could do. We descended to Rio Pampas. The river bed was tropical and thick with flies. The only means of crossing it was by a bridge made of laths precariously balanced on steel ropes. The fragile structure swung several hundred feet above the river. The mules had to be unloaded and blindfolded. A Peruvian advised removing all the saddles and bridles in case the frightened animals fell over the edge. "That way," he said, "you'll save something." The ascent on the farther side was a chute of loose, slippery rock. It seemed as if the whole cliff was crumbling as we scrambled up and over the race of stones.

The rest of the day was foodless. Nobody would sell anything. They said there was no forage. Fortunately by this time we had met a charming Peruvian. He had had a German father, which was perhaps the explanation of his generous hospitality and of his saddle-bags which he called Alpha and Omega. From them he fed us for two days. They had apparently neither beginning nor end.

That night we arrived at Okhas, where we had been assured the local storeman had a clean room which he would hire "for a good sum." The village consisted of a cluster of broken mud hovels on the top of a windswept hill. The storekeeper, in a frenzy of suspicion, had barricaded himself into his house, and pretended he was not there. Not all the eloquence of the charming Peruvian—insinuated through the shutters—could move him. The chink of money may have unsettled his thoughts, but it did not open his door.

The three of us spent the night in a stable, with our joint collection of muleteers huddled outside expecting immediate attack. The Sierras' expectation of disaster is unequalled by any other pessimism I have met. It was excessively cold, but nobody minded starting at 4 a.m. although the mountain track was sheeted with ice. That pass, called "The Watching Puma" because of a curiously shaped stone on the summit, is supposed to be 16,000 ft. in height, and the Indians say it is the worst climb on the way between Cuzco and Ayacucho, whence it is possible to motor, by a fearsome mountain road (eight or ten in a communal Ford car, heaped with baggage, parrots, a monkey, and a young tiger-cat), to the railway at La Mejorada.

Dawn found us half-way up. We heard the long-drawn groan of horns blown to assemble the village labour as we struggled along towards the sun which gilded the crest.

Our guide showed us the piles of stones to which every traveller adds. "On his way back each man looks to see if his stone is in place. If it has fallen, it means his wife has been unfaithful to him."

We reached the top of the pass at 8 a.m. and thereafter rode interminably over a wide grassy plateau broken by ravines that were sheer gashes in the earth, stuffed full of broom and heavily-scented bushes. Night found us labouring up and down a succession of these chasms. We had been riding for fourteen hours, and the horses, after five days of such work, were weary unto death. Cactus tore at the saddles. Ghosts of pepper trees stood sentinel above us.

At last the lights of Ayacucho flared across a plain. They looked as if they were within a hand's grasp, and it took us two more hours to reach them!

We led our stumbling horses into a shuttered town. All doors were closed by order of authority. Armed guards patrolled the streets. Crowds gathered in the square, where mounted police waited with carbines ready. The news of the Trujillo revolution was on everyone's lips. We heard about the massacre in the prison, where men's hearts were cut out and flung into the street, in honour not of the Incan Sun God, but of Demos and the Brotherhood of Man!

Rumour was a wild thing running in more and more unlikely ways. We heard—without the slightest basis of truth—that Cuzco was in the hands of the Communists and that our friend, the Commandant of the Region, with whom we had ridden just ten days previously on the eve of our journey through the Sierra, had been killed. The last (wholly incorrect) information was whispered in the dark yard of the inn. The light had failed. Frightened people crept about with candles.

"We must not talk here," said a traveller still holding the bridle of an exhausted mule. "It is too dangerous, the place is full of spies. They are everywhere. The Government depends on them, thousands of them, I tell you, men, women and children. You can't tell who may be a spy."

Later, from the balcony, we watched the clearing of the square. "If one shot is fired, the town goes," said the innkeeper, and looked around nervously to see if he was overheard.

But there was no shot, and next day when a dozen people had warned us with as much mystery as possible not to go in any and every desirable direction, the news came that Trujillo had been retaken by Government troops. The Communist, Barreto, was dead. The townsfolk of Ayacucho relaxed. They ate their extremely tough lunch without glancing over their shoulders and wondering whether their harmless neighbours were spies. But still, across the Cathedral wall, on the rocks by the side of the mountain road, on the ruins of a colonial arch, on the balcony of a café, on the door of the Prefectura, was scrawled "Long live the A.P.R.A.," or, with a bigger flourish of chalk, "Long live the Communist Party of Peru."

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NOTES and NEWS

The Great Works of Reference

The great reference books, without which no library or well-equipped office is complete, are headed by *Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage* (£5 5s.), which contains all the collateral branches and traces the lineage of our noble families. In addition, it has in it a table of precedence by means of which any member of the aristocracy can be located at a glance.

Debrett (£3 5s.) is a somewhat more concise guide to the great houses, in that it deals solely with the living members of any given family. In addition, many points of interest are included, notable among which are the style of the Princess Royal re-conferred, and the scheme for the proposed reform of the House of Lords.

Kelly's Royal Blue Book (7s. 6d.) contains an alphabetical list of the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of the occupiers of the better class private houses in the area bounded by Hampstead, Bloomsbury, West Kensington, and Chelsea. The names are arranged also according to streets. Additional pages dealing with various officials and diplomatic personages are included. *The Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes* (£1 10s.) published by the same distinguished firm, deals with the whole country and not only the capital.

Whitaker's Almanac (6s.) is a complete encyclopædia of modern general knowledge. Its index runs from A.A.A. championships and Abaco Island to Zurich and the Zuyder Zee Reclamation!

Who's Who (£3) is the only compendium of notables inclusion in which is based on merit alone. 99·9 per cent. of distinguished British folk with the highlights of their several careers are included between the familiar red covers.

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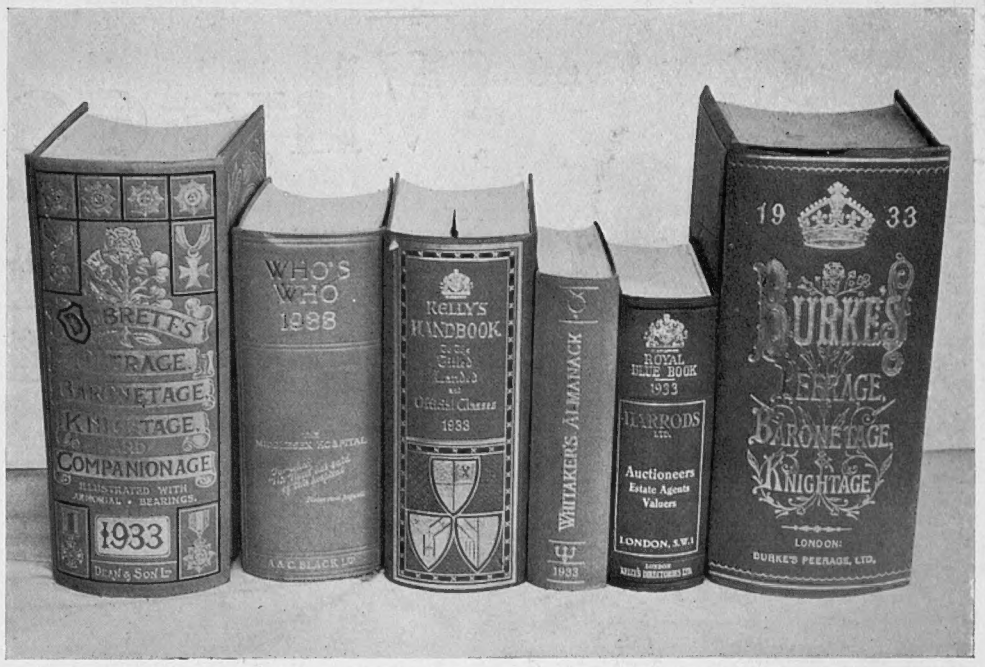
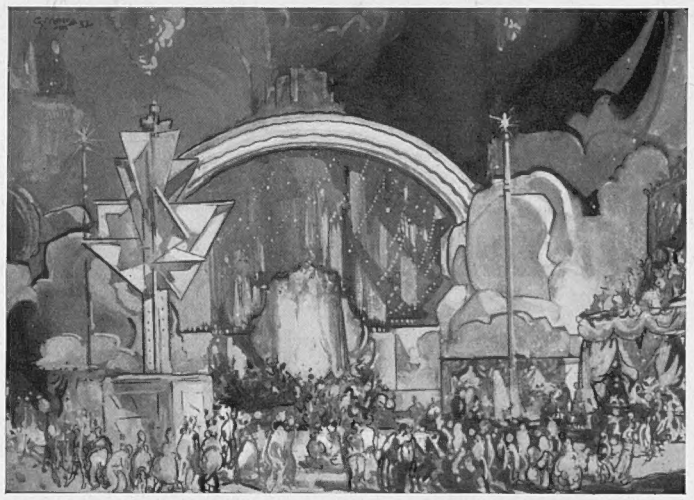


THE GREAT REFERENCE BOOKS: *Debrett, Who's Who, Kelly's Handbook, Whitaker, The Blue Book,* and *Burke*



THE DESIGN FOR THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL: This decorative arrangement was created by Professor Gerard Moira. The function is being held on Twelfth Night (January 6) owing to New Year's Eve falling on a Saturday

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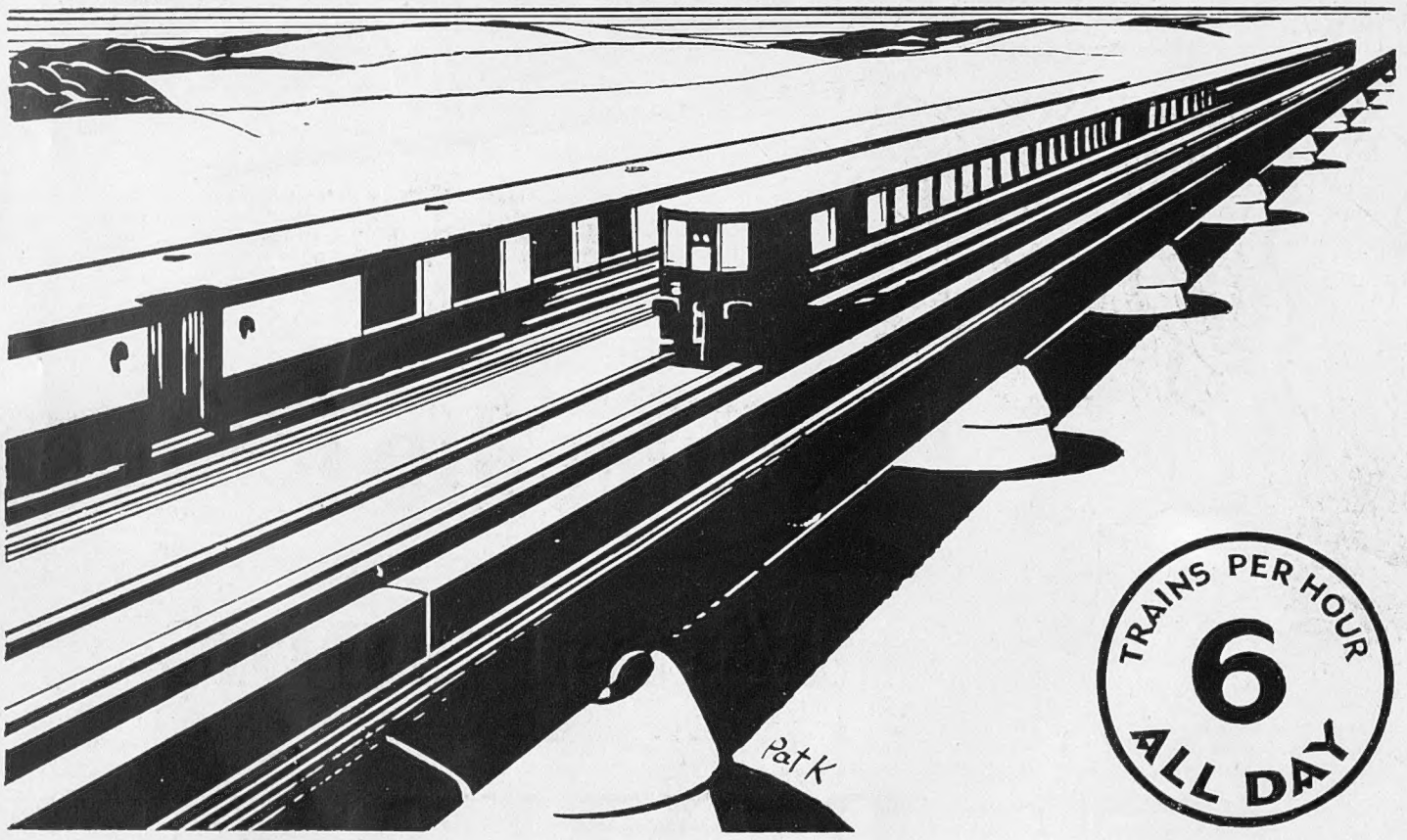

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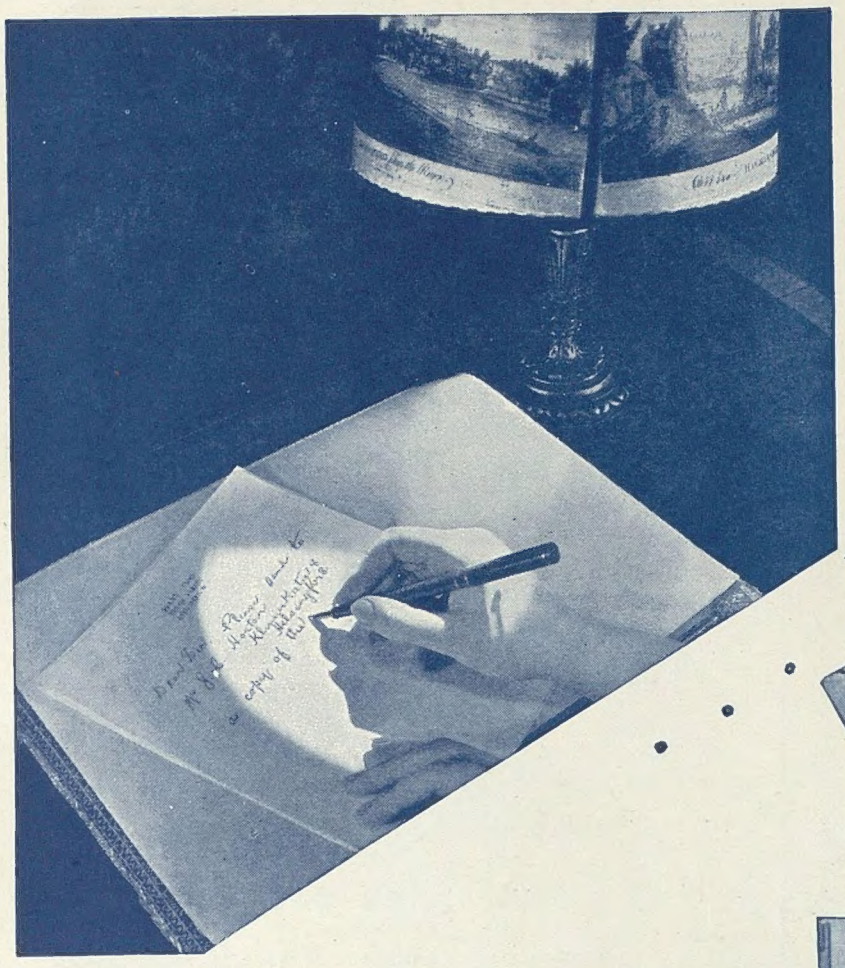

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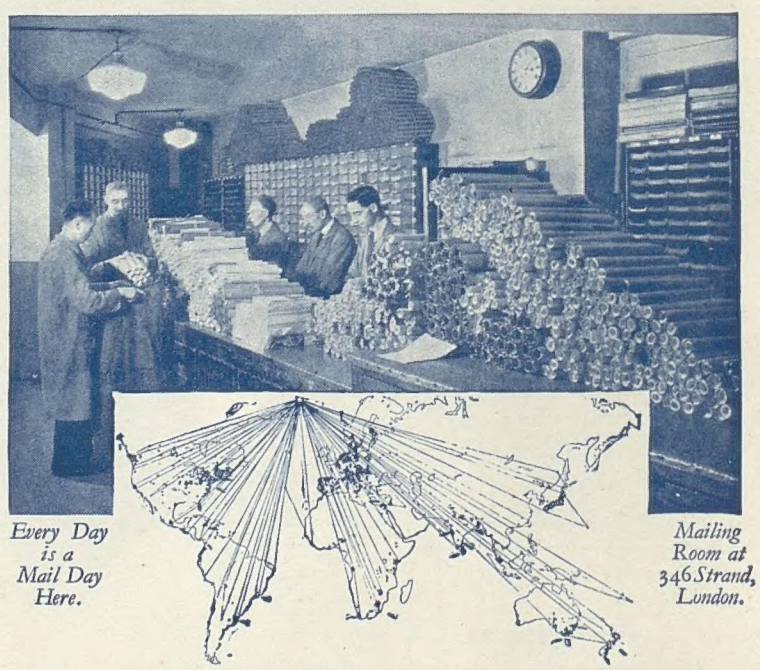

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